

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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TWO SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6d.



ELIZA ANNE LINLEY (MRS. SHERIDAN) AND HER BROTHER.  
FROM THE PICTURE BY T. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A., IN THE GUELPH EXHIBITION.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There is an attempt, it seems, in certain religious circles to adopt a church-going dress. We have already the phrase "go-to-meeting" clothes, but that, one concludes, is only used by the Dissenters. In Spain, every lady knows by a lady's garment if she means to go to church—in which case she wears a black mantilla—but it is unfortunately no proof that she *has* gone. One can fancy a good many would-be respectable people donning this uniform without the right to it. At present, to be at church parade in Hyde Park is supposed by the charitable to imply that our ecclesiastical duties have been performed; while, among ladies in a lower rank of life, a prayer-book folded in a clean pocket-handkerchief is supposed to indicate the like. To my mind, these reformers do protest too much; but their arguments are not without some common-sense in them. Whether a man goes to church or not, they say, if he has a church-going coat on, he will hardly venture to indulge in anything disreputable, just as the decoration of a blue ribbon is not worn at a drinking bout, or that emblem of social purity, a white one, when one is walking off with one's neighbour's wife. As a still more familiar illustration, they note the fact that only persons who are well conducted venture to inscribe their names upon their umbrellas. But *is* this a fact? And, above all, is the corollary to be drawn from it that those who do not thus signify their ownership are no better than they should be? This would throw a flood of lurid light indeed upon the circumstance that having one's name upon one's umbrella does not prevent it being borrowed at the club. It is borrowed, perhaps, for that very reason, and carried into goodness knows what disreputable company at no risk whatever, save to the character of its innocent proprietor.

The type-writer has achieved its crown of success—it is being denounced by the amateur newspaper correspondent. This species of scribe is nothing if he is not original, and, as objects of ordinary execration are denied to him, it is his mission to turn his attention to what is acknowledged to be generally beneficial, and to pick a hole in it. He has no sympathy with type-writing, because it fails to satisfy his egotism: he likes to work with his own hand, and underline his striking sentences. To the common intelligence it seems inconceivable that anyone could have aught but praise for an invention that saves one's temper and one's time, duplicates the matter of which we wish to keep a copy, and changes that "running hand" which the poet has likened to "the field of corn that bows its ears before the roaring east" into something that we can "run and read." Yet this gentleman "hates," he says, "that mechanical type, with its wretched clearness and regularity." It is certain he has had no experience of reading three-volume novels in ordinary—and very often extraordinary—manuscript; nor of deciphering the scientific essay which has to appear without a flaw in the daily sheet of the next morning. It is not too much to say that in literary matters this ingenious invention has been as great a blessing as the sewing-machine to the domestic world; and now, forsooth, we are asked to dispense with it, lest the girl of the future should get her love-letters written by it. And why should she not? I know a novelist who composes all his love-scenes upon this instrument, without any preliminary penwork at all, and they are just as moving as if they were written with a *Magnum Bonum*. As for the "kisses," now represented (as I understand from the evidence in breach-of-promise cases) by blots, there are constantly new additions and improvements being made to the machine, and a symbol could easily be discovered for them. Tear-drops, when necessary, could (as at present) be counterfeited by sprinkling water over the epistle, as our forefathers sprinkled sand. As to the pleasure derived from "the handwriting of an old friend," this very much depends upon what sort of a hand he writes: it may be "a part of the writer," but, if it is the "next best thing to his voice," this is often but a poor compliment to his vocal organs: moreover, at all events, however "wretchedly clear" may be the rest of his communication, there is always his illegible signature to gush over at the end of it.

Poor Poet Close has joined the immortals. If it cannot be said that his loss will diminish the gaiety of nations, he was the unconscious cause of a good deal of fun. If he had no other characteristics of the bard about him, he thoroughly believed in himself, and dilated on his merits and his wrongs as he sold you his penny doggerel. In some ways he reminded one of that class of poet who used to be kept, like chaplains, by private patrons; but his muse did not restrict itself to a single benefactor, but lauded every local magnate from whom anything was to be got or expected. It was really rather hard upon him that the annuity of fifty pounds a year, settled upon him by Lord Palmerston, was withdrawn, though the hundred pounds he received in compensation was altogether in excess of his deserts. The Prime Minister, who took no interest whatever in literary matters, defended himself upon the ground that the case "seemed to be similar to that of Burns"! But, except the poet himself, there was no one who shared his Lordship's opinion.

The contest between scientific invention, applied to commercial safeguards, and the depraved intelligence that would counteract them is something like the struggle between defensive armour and big guns. Now the one seems to have the advantage, and now the other. For a long time automatic machines have not only held their ground against depredators, but got the better of the general public, whose pennies they have appropriated even when the machinery which supplies their equivalent is out of order. But Nemesis has at last got hold of them. An ingenious New Yorker has hit upon the plan of drilling a hole through his coin and attaching it to a silken string. He then drops it into the slot, and, having obtained the cigar, pulls out the coin, and uses it again, and again, as anglers use the same bait. From one machine he thus

obtained twenty-nine cigars, without paying a penny, and thereby "broke the bank"—took all there were in the reservoir. Curiously enough, he does not seem to have been prosecuted for theft, but for obstructing the thoroughfare, his ingenious invention and its success having attracted a large and admiring crowd of his fellow-citizens.

The fickleness of Fashion is proverbial, but Custom is supposed to be built upon far firmer foundations. Ten years ago one would have said that the practice of sending valentines would be as permanent as the coming round of Feb. 14. The delivery of our letters on that day used to be deferred for hours, and the Post Office published the same warning about early posting that it now reserves for Christmas Day. And now the once universally acknowledged Bishop—"con-nubialist of clergymen," as Leigh Hunt calls him—counts his devotees by the score instead of by the ten thousand: his cult is over, and in a few years will be among the "creeds out-worn." He had a sort of Indian summer for a year or two, when handsome presents took the place of the lacepaper missives that formed his lawn; but the gifts grew few and fewer, and with them the old love-letters, with their well-worn verses—

The rose is red, the violet's blue,  
Carnation's sweet, and so are you.

And the pictures of the village church, with the lovers on their way to it across the meads, have vanished also. It must have been a secret marriage, for they were always alone, with nobody even to give the bride away, and only the parson waiting at the church door for his fee, so, perhaps, morality has not suffered; but it is certain that a universal and not unkindly custom has been snuffed out. It is true there was another side to it: some wretches sent coarse and comic effusions, more like Orsons than Valentines, and it is curious that this sort seems to have survived the others. A lady appealed to a magistrate the other day against a correspondent who had sent her for a valentine a picture, plain though coloured, of a woman with a padlock on her lips. His Worship could do nothing for her, though he seems to have missed an opportunity of pointing out that the supposed affront was a compliment, for surely it is not every woman who has the virtue of silence imputed to her. It is sad that perhaps the last we shall hear of "the clerk of sweetest pen" was in connection with a police-court summons.

There is great joy in the emotional world in the regions of Kentucky over a desperado who has killed ten of his fellow-creatures, but has now become a "revivalist." Of course, if he can revive his victims, the subject is a matter of congratulation; but otherwise, I confess that it is with them and their families that my sympathies are mainly concerned. What we are particularly asked to be thankful for by the religious newspaper that chronicles the conversion is that this gentleman has taken to preaching. No doubt he would handle a homily on homicide—what the vulgar call a "ripping" sermon—with particular knowledge, but the ears that itch to hear him must have a strange conformation. We have no such spiritual phenomena in our own country, and must content ourselves with converted pugilists who floor the heterodox by scientific "blows and knocks" upon the pulpit. It may be fastidiousness, or even a want of grace, but to my mind they are less offensive objects in their original sphere—a twenty-four-foot ring.

The prescience of the poet has often been insisted on, but very seldom been proved to the satisfaction of ordinary persons. The foreknowledge of the bard has never had the same credit which has been given to that of the prophet—and especially the racing prophet. There is now a chance of his claims being reconsidered. In the little book of poems entitled "Ionica," republished (as I am informed) after thirty years, there is a verse that will charm every ear, and that only requires an alteration of one word to become absolutely prophetic:—

Oh, earlier shall the rosebuds blow  
In after years, those happier years;  
And boys shall weep when we lie low  
Far fewer tears, far softer tears;

which is evidently a direct allusion to the doing away with "compulsory Greek."

In that excellent magazine the *Author* the question is asked, in connection with the constant practice of sending manuscript for the "opinion" of well-known writers: "Did one ever hear of young students—say, in mathematics—asking a mathematician (who is a total stranger to them) to teach them by correspondence?" The parallel, however, is not complete. Well-known writers are always wealthy, independent of their magnificent profession, have plenty of time on their hands, and not the least necessity to husband their eyesight. The least reflection will convince (and apparently does) everybody of these facts. Still, the *Author* tells us that the secretary of the 'Incorporated Authors' Society' will for one guinea read and give his opinion upon any manuscript, not of a technical character, sent to him for that purpose. It does not seem a large fee for reading through a three-volume novel, while it is notorious that "advice gratis" is inferior to the same article when paid for; and I would delicately suggest that the "secretary," instead of the well-known writer, should in future be applied to for this service. Please note the address—"4, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields."

A French physician, who is also a novelist, has aroused much indignation in at least one family by making the "pathological conditions" of his heroine similar to that of a lady whom he had been attending professionally. It is hardly to be expected that he would not make use of his experiences; "there is nothing more beautiful," wrote one of his craft, "than a beautiful skin, except a skin disease"; but he must have been a young hand at fiction, or he would surely have attributed to the lady a malady at least other than her real one. If she had atrophy, for instance, he should have given her elephantiasis, when no similarity would have been detected. I have

not read the novel (because I am waiting for the English translation), but I am afraid this shows a want of imagination. It is fair to add, in the interests of the literary profession, that young authors do not generally fall into this error. As a rule, they carefully avoid describing the few things with which they are acquainted, and prefer to make everything "out of their own heads." Male writers just out of their teens depict greybeards dying of extreme old age, the bitterness and disappointments of the end of a career, and hearts broken or grievously damaged by usage; while young ladies picture their hero "in the Guards," and introduce us to the Eleusinian mysteries of the clubs.

## HOME NEWS.

The Queen is at Windsor, where she will remain, with the exception of three or four days at Buckingham Palace, until her visit to Grasse, near Cannes, at the end of March. Her Majesty received his Highness the Sultan of Johore on Feb. 22, and Sir Henry Loch and Mr. Cecil Rhodes were among the guests at the Royal dinner-party on Feb. 24.

By command of the Queen a levée was held on Feb. 24 at St. James's Palace, by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on behalf of her Majesty. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, attended by his Gentlemen-in-Waiting, and escorted by a detachment of the 2nd Life Guards, arrived at the garden entrance of the palace from Marlborough House, and was received by the great officers of State and the Royal household. The diplomatic and general circles were numerously represented.

The Bishop of Winchester and the Bishop of Worcester arrived at Windsor Castle on Feb. 24, and were severally introduced to her Majesty's presence by Viscount Cross, G.C.B., Secretary of State, and did homage. The Bishop of Winchester was afterwards invested by her Majesty with the Chain and Badge of his office as Prelate of the Order of the Garter, after which the Bishop of Winchester made the declaration as Prelate of the Order. Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice was present with her Majesty.

The Duchess of Albany and suite attended a private service on Feb. 21 in the Albert Chapel, Windsor Castle, where the remains of her late husband are entombed. The Dean of Windsor officiated.—Her Royal Highness has been attesting the great practical interest which she takes in ambulance work by attending the Esher village hall, with several local ladies, and submitting herself to the final examination of the St. John's Ambulance Association, which was conducted by Dr. Coates, of Streatham. Her Royal Highness was successful in gaining certificates for the two preliminary examinations for nursing and first aid to the injured.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale, has been on a visit to Lady Middleton, the sister of Sir William Gordon-Cumming; and he has since been the guest of the family against whom Sir William is bringing his libel action—the Arthur Wilsons of Tranby Croft.

The Marquis of Salisbury left town on Feb. 22 on a visit to the Queen. The Premier arrived at Windsor Castle shortly after seven o'clock, and subsequently dined with her Majesty. He remained at the castle for the night, and returned to London the following day.

Mr. A. J. Balfour visited the Queen on Feb. 21 at Windsor Castle, and dined and slept at the palace. He attended the morning service at St. George's Chapel on Sunday, and returned in the afternoon to London.

The Marquis of Normanby, who was for seventeen years Vicar of Worsley, Leicestershire, has been appointed Dean of Windsor, in succession to Dr. Davidson.

The death of the famous Waterloo veteran the Earl of Albemarle took place on Feb. 21, in his ninety-second year, and that of Earl Beauchamp on Feb. 19, at the age of sixty-one.

After a vigorous debate, Mr. Pritchard Morgan's motion in favour of Welsh Disestablishment was rejected by a majority of thirty-two. The feature of the debate was Mr. Gladstone's acceptance of the motion in a speech in which he definitely threw over his contention of twenty-one years ago that the Welsh Church could not be separated from the English Establishment. The Unionists divided their vote, Lord Hartington voting against the motion, and Mr. Chamberlain in its favour.

The Labour Question has been vigorously pressed both in and out of Parliament. The Government have given general satisfaction by their promise to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole relations between capital and labour, doubtless including such subjects as strikes, hours of labour and their regulation by the State, and employers' liability, the hours of railway men being excluded, as they are already the subject of inquiry by a Parliamentary Committee, which was nominated on Feb. 24. Mr. Smith has promised to give the full terms of reference, as well as the names of the members, in a few days, and it is thought probable that the chairmanship will be offered to Sir John Gorst, and that Mr. Ritchie and Lord Randolph Churchill will also be members of the Commission.

Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill have both spoken on social questions, though in somewhat varying notes. Lord Randolph urges on his party the importance of showing friendly interest in the workers in labour disputes, both in the Press and in Parliament, and spoke in favour of an Eight Hours Bill for miners. Mr. Chamberlain put forward a somewhat reduced version of his old "unauthorised programme," including allotments, a graduated income tax, and free education, as an alternative to Home Rule, which he advised the Liberal Party to abandon forthwith.

The details of the struggle between the Shipping Federation, on the one hand, and the Union of the dockers and the seamen and firemen on the other are a confused tangle, the most obvious fact being that neither party has as yet formally declared war on the other. The Federation, which is not being supported by the P. and O. Company, and which does not appear to be entirely unanimous, so far as its own councils go, has not enforced its manifesto compelling all seamen to hold a Federation ticket, or labour certificate, entitling them to "preferential" employment over Union men, and claiming a right to call on the men to sign on board their ships as well as at the Board of Trade offices. On the other hand, while some London stevedores have struck, and there have been isolated movements in regard to ships manned by Federation crews, as well as a little rioting, no general strike of dockers or seamen and firemen has been ordered. The struggle, therefore, is still localised at Cardiff, and we have to deal with a sectional fight rather than with the disaster of a general labour war in the shipping industry.



## "OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT."

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

"Personalities," writes Mr. Smalley, in one of the many sententious remarks that gleam through the two volumes of his *London Letters*, "are sure to command attention, if not approval." It would be impossible to put the whole truth about London Correspondence more fully, yet in fewer words. It contains all the light, and slyly hints at the shade. I have heard an experienced editor of an important daily paper in the provinces say that the first thing the ordinary newspaper reader turns to is the London Letter. It takes precedence of the latest telegraphed news, the enlightening leaders, and even the newest murder. At the same time, when the column has been carefully read through, the reader sometimes purses his lips and audibly regrets that the English Press should be "growing Americanised."

The testimony of the experienced editor is supported in a curious way by sworn evidence given in a public court. Some years ago a terrible accident happened at Bradford. One of the mighty chimneys that dominate that prosperous town suddenly fell, crushing houses, shops, and offices. One witness who had escaped scot-free to tell the story to the coroner related how he and a fellow-clerk, entering upon their duties at nine o'clock in the morning, put on their office coats. One set about his book-keeping, while the other—according to daily custom, he explained—took up the *Bradford Observer* and read aloud the London Letter. He had achieved only the first two paragraphs, when down came the chimney crashing through the building in which the two clerks were so profitably engaged. While death and ruin marked the long line of the fallen chimney, these two escaped unhurt. It was not suggested in court that the task upon which they happened to be engaged had anything to do with their almost miraculous escape, and the incident is cited here merely in support of the editor's testimony to the attractiveness of the London Letter.

London Correspondence is necessarily personal in its tone, inasmuch as it sets forth some things the writer has heard in communication with acquaintances, and others that have directly fallen under his notice. That such a task may be performed in unexceptionable manner the two bulky volumes into which Mr. Smalley has garnered his *London Letters*, extending over a period of fifteen years, abundantly prove. Of course, there may be reprehensible London Correspondence, as there may be unsatisfactory sermons, uninspiring speeches, uninforming leading articles, or unworthily made boots. It is the fashion to sneer at what is called "Personal Journalism," because it is practised here and there in objectionable manner. But the thing itself is not only without blame, but may be of priceless value. At the present time there is at work, as there has been for many years, a learned and costly Commission engaged upon hunting up and editing historical records. Sometimes the Commissioners have the good luck to come upon a bundle of letters, written in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, in which one, born out of due season, either writes London letters to friends in the country, or from the country sends tittle-tattle to friends in town.

These news letters, as they are happily called, are handled with infinite care by the Commissioners, copied out in fair hand as being too precious to trust the original to the printer, are published at the national expense, and supply rich and rare material for the student of social life in old times. They are, for the most part, merely the records of the daily life of ordinary people whose names are unknown to fame. They have their value, but, as Mr. N. P. Willis asks, "What would we not give for the description of a dinner with Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, or a dance with the maids of Queen Elizabeth, or a chat with Milton in a morning call?"

It is no use crying over spilt milk. There is more satisfaction in the reflection that the student of our time who shall look back upon us through the perspective of two hundred years will have no difficulty in realising the individuality of our notable men. If there be nothing left of contemporary record except Mr. Smalley's *London Letters* to the *New York Tribune*, there would not be lacking material. Mr. Smalley boldly labels the first half of his work by the much-abused word "Personalities." He means only that he describes persons, prominent public men (and two women) with whom he has come in contact. The first volume is simply a portrait-gallery—cameo portraits, so fine is the work.

The range of persons Mr. Smalley has had the opportunity of studying at close quarters is remarkable and attractive. The list includes Bismarck and Gambetta, Louis Blanc and Mr. Delane, Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Bright, Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. John Morley, Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Lowell and George Eliot, Lord Rosebery and Lord Houghton, Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, Robert Browning and Gustavé Doré. These are people whom we should be proud and delighted to know in the intimacy of conversation. The privilege is forbidden to most of us. Few, indeed, have had the opportunity of knowing each and all. In Mr. Smalley's pages they live and move and talk. Those who never knew any one of them may here make his close acquaintance. Those who here and there know one or two will feel they know them better when they have stood by while Mr. Smalley passes them under review.

Mr. Smalley's method of workmanship is exceedingly skilful. While he with incisive touch analyses a man's character, he does not neglect to throw in, accidentally as it were, descriptions of the personal appearance of the subject of his study. Writing about Mr. Bright, he says, "He was a man of peace always in arms to prevent you from going to war." This is, of course, not a new truth about Mr. Bright. It was set forth nearly half a century ago by Lord George Bentinck, who declared that "If Bright had not been a Quaker he would have been a prizefighter." That is obviously a little exaggeration meant to be offensive, a half-brick thrown in the scrimmage round the repeal of the Corn Laws. While Mr. Smalley's phrase has more finish, and is not less epigrammatic, it almost mathematically describes a prominent paradoxical feature in Mr. Bright's character.

Here is one of the pen-and-ink sketches with which the volumes abound. Mr. Bright sat for it at Birmingham twenty-five years ago: "His hair was grey though abundant, the complexion florid, and the rather irregular but powerful features gave you at first sight an impression of singular force and firmness of character. So did the whole man. The broad shoulders, the bulk of the figure, the solid

massiveness of this masterful individuality, the immovable grasp of his feet upon the firm earth, his uprightness of bearing, the body knit to the head as closely as capital to column—altogether made the least careful observer perceive that here was one in whose armour the flaws were few." When, in 1889, Mr. Smalley comes to record Mr. Bright's death, he recalls this vision of the past, and we, who in these later years knew the white hair, the furrowed face, the dimmed eyes, the stooping shoulders, and the shrunken figure, are still able to recognise the portrait.

(To be continued.)

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE LAST BATTLE OF TOKAR.

How many times, in the past six or seven years, military



COLONEL HOTTED SMITH, COMMANDER OF EGYPTIAN TROOPS AT TOKAR.

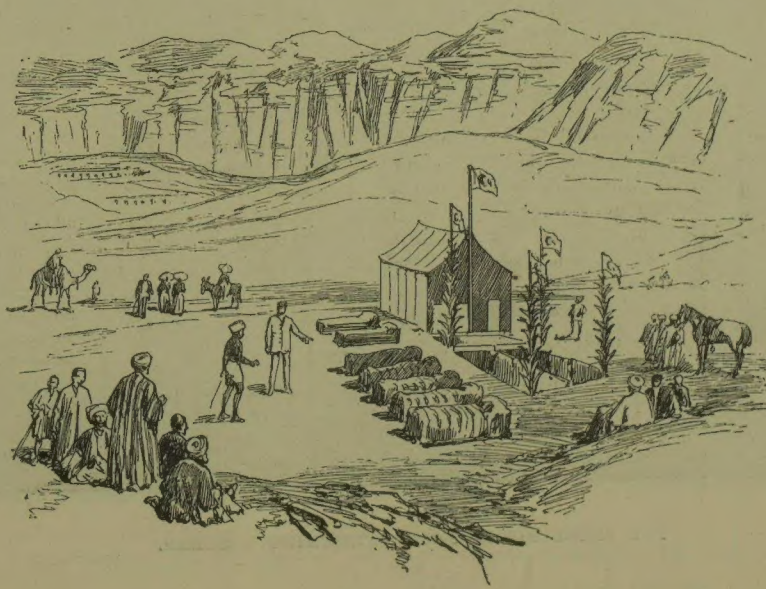
expeditions from Souakim, the fortified Egyptian town and port on the Red Sea coast, have utterly defeated Osman Digna, the Mahdi's fighting deputy, and have captured the Dervishes' headquarters at Handoub and the town of Tokar, few newspaper readers can positively remember. But Tokar, forty miles from Souakim, was captured once more, on Feb. 19, after another battle, in which seven hundred "Dervishes"—or Soudanese Arab warriors following the Mahdi's standard—were killed. The Egyptian troops by whom this victory was gained were a brigade consisting of the 4th, 11th, and 12th Soudan battalions, with a squadron of cavalry, under the command of Colonel Hotted Smith, advancing from El Teb by order of General Sir F. W. Grenfell, the Sirdar or Commander-in-Chief of the Khedive's Army. These troops serve under English officers, and have now learnt to fight very well. They were encountered, near Tokar, by four thousand of the enemy, whose attacking line of two thousand was led by Osman Naib, and there was an equal force in reserve. Colonel Hotted Smith placed his troops within the shelter of an old ruined Government building, around which, under cover of thick bush within fifty yards, the enemy gathered to the assault. Severe fighting was kept up during an hour and a half, till the cavalry made a charge and drove the enemy away, leaving hundreds of dead, among whom were Osman Naib and several Emirs. Of the Egyptian army, sixteen were killed and forty-seven wounded: one death to be lamented is that of Captain Hugh Lousada Barrow, of the South Lancashire Regiment (Prince of Wales's Volunteers); and Captain J. R. Beech, of the 20th Hussars, was wounded. The troops proceeded to occupy the village of Afatite, on the neighbouring hill, where Osman Digna had stayed during the battle, and then advanced to Tokar, four miles distant, which they captured, with two guns, a quantity of rifles, swords, and ammunition, and military stores. Osman Digna retreated to a place called Tamarin, on the road to Kassala.

It is thought significant that none of the enemy killed were people of the neighbouring tribes, but all were Baggaras or Djaalin, from a distance. The result of this important action will doubtless be to quiet the neighbouring tribes, to free the country about Tokar and Souakim from Dervish attacks, and enable the Sirdar, who has gone to Tokar, to organise a Government and establish the Egyptians firmly in this reacquisition of Soudan territory. The Tokar district has a good climate, and is well watered. It formerly produced wheat and sesame, also cotton which found a market in Abyssinia, and considerable quantities of it reached England.

In the House of Commons, on Monday, Feb. 23, there was a discussion upon this incident, and Sir James Fergusson said there would be no further advance into the Soudan.

## RECENT DISCOVERIES AT THEBES.

Egyptologists will be pleased to hear of the discovery of a vault filled with mummies and funeral coffers at Dayr el Bahree, near the plain of Thebes. It was not far from this spot that M. Maspero found the royal mummies of the Kings of the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties in 1881. The new excavation, from which already 200 mummy-cases have been taken, also seems to have been a cachette or hiding-place rather than a tomb. At a depth of about 30 ft. a gallery diverges, and in it the mummies were packed, the entrance having been blocked with wood and cloth, both of which are in good preservation. Two other galleries have still to be explored: probably they are also quite full. The removal of the cases is under the superintendence of M. Gribbeaux, from the Geesch Museum. Eight or ten of the fellaheen bear each



DISCOVERIES AT THEBES, UPPER EGYPT: THE FIRST MUMMIES FROM THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS.

of the heavy cases on their shoulders, chanting the song which is always heard when a number of men work together, and after frequent intervals of rest the procession arrives at the barge which has been sent from Cairo. It will be impossible to decipher the many rolls of papyrus for some months: so far, it has been ascertained that the mummies are chiefly those of priests and priestesses who lived in the twenty-first dynasty, or about 1100 B.C. A high priest of the god Amen, named Hirhor, was the founder. This may, perhaps, account for the elaborate way the mummies have been preserved; also for their removal from the original place of burial, either at a time when the tombs were being searched for treasure, or perhaps during the reign of Shashank, the son of Nimrod, who overthrew the priestly rule. These particulars are communicated in a letter from Mr. Killingworth Hedges, Civil Engineer, writing on Feb. 11 at Luxor.

## MRS. SHERIDAN.

Even the most casual visitor to the Guelph Exhibition must have been struck by the beautiful face of Miss Linley as it looks down upon us from the canvas of Gainsborough. Eliza Linley was sixteen years of age when she first met Sheridan. She was one of a musical family called by Dr. Burney "a nest of nightingales." Her voice, we are told, was as lovely as her face, and she was the prima donna of her father's concerts. Her parents schemed to secure her a wealthy match, and had almost succeeded in wedding her to "an old gentleman of considerable fortune," when the girl outwitted her parents by confessing to the venerable lover, who magnanimously broke off the engagement, while settling a fortune of £3000 upon his intended wife. It was soon after this that the future author of "The School for Scandal," an impecunious youth of twenty, persuaded her to elope with him to France, and she secretly became his wife at Calais. A duel with a rival lover followed, and even a second encounter, in which Sheridan nearly lost his life. After many troubles the opposition of friends was at last surmounted, and a year later than the French wedding—in April 1773—the couple were remarried in London. By her husband's wish Miss Linley closed her career as a public singer upon her marriage. Sheridan wrote a forcible letter to his father-in-law upon this subject, which obtained for him the commendation of Dr. Johnson. "He resolved wisely and nobly, to be sure," said the literary dictator. "He is a brave man. Would not a gentleman be disgraced by having his wife singing publicly for him? No, Sir, there can be no doubt here. I know not if I should not prepare myself for a public singer as readily as let my wife be one."

Mrs. Sheridan died in 1792, after nearly twenty years of married life, which must have had more than its portion of sorrow, but was, one remembers, illuminated by such triumphs as her husband's marvellous success, alike upon the stage and in the House of Commons, afforded her. She was happy, perhaps, in dying before Sheridan had reached the degradation of his later years, yet, maybe, had she lived that degradation would never have come. "Hers was truly a voice as of the church choir," says a contemporary, and she was always ready to sing without any pressing. She sang here a great deal, and to my infinite delight. But what had a peculiar charm was that she used to take my daughter, then a child, on her lap, and sing a number of childish songs with such a playfulness of manner and such a sweetness of look and voice as was quite enchanting." Our illustration is copied from the original in the Guelph Exhibition, by kind permission of Lord Sackville.

## THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW.

The Shire Horse Society opened its twelfth yearly show of cart-horses at the Royal Agricultural Hall on Tuesday, Feb. 24, and the Prince of Wales next day presented the challenge cups to the winners. Our Artist has not, on this occasion, endeavoured to illustrate the exhibition itself, but the scene in a stable where allowable preparations are being made to enable the animal to appear at his best; for horses—even cart-horses—must have their toilette, and may be innocently dressed for public admiration, like other handsome creatures. The average quality of those shown at Islington this year was very good, especially in the three-year-old male class, of which 113 were entered. The total, however, of all classes was 497, less by 150 than last year, but more than in any of the preceding shows from 1880 to 1889.

## LORD SALISBURY'S VILLA AT BEAULIEU.

When the Prime Minister finds an eligible place of occasional private retirement for the benefit of his health during the Parliamentary vacation, it is a matter of public interest. Lord Salisbury is giving up Villa Cecil, his marine residence at Dieppe, and will seek brief repose and exemption from the English winter climate on the sunny hills of the Riviera.

About three miles and a half east of the gay city of Nice, one mile beyond Villafranca, on the coast road towards Monaco, is the delightful village of Beaulieu. It lies in a sheltered nook, protected from the north wind by a range of mountains, and by high cliffs, ruddy limestone with patches of sandstone, fringed with pine-trees. Groves of large old olive-trees, and the peculiar caroub-trees, cover the base of the hill, or overhang the fissures of the rocks; below, the plain is adorned with orchards and gardens, where the orange and lemon flourish well. The shore of this small bay is prettily indented with creeks and inlets, where long ledges of marble, half-clothed with sea-weed, alternate with smooth strips of sand. This place is near the peninsula of St. Jean, which extends far into the Mediterranean, on the east side of the land-locked bay or gulf of Villafranca, commanding the widest sea-views from the lighthouse.

Lord Salisbury's new villa stands on a site nearly 300 ft. above the sea, in its own grounds, which have a steep declivity, and are laid out with gardens, lawns, and plantations, as seen in our illustration, which shows, however, but a corner of the house. This is a building in purely Italian style, with a tower at the other end, and its south front extends 100 ft., having a terrace along its whole length, from which beautiful views to the east and west are enjoyed. The chief reception-rooms, forming a suite, are on the ground floor opening to the terrace; the other apartments are as commodious as could be desired.

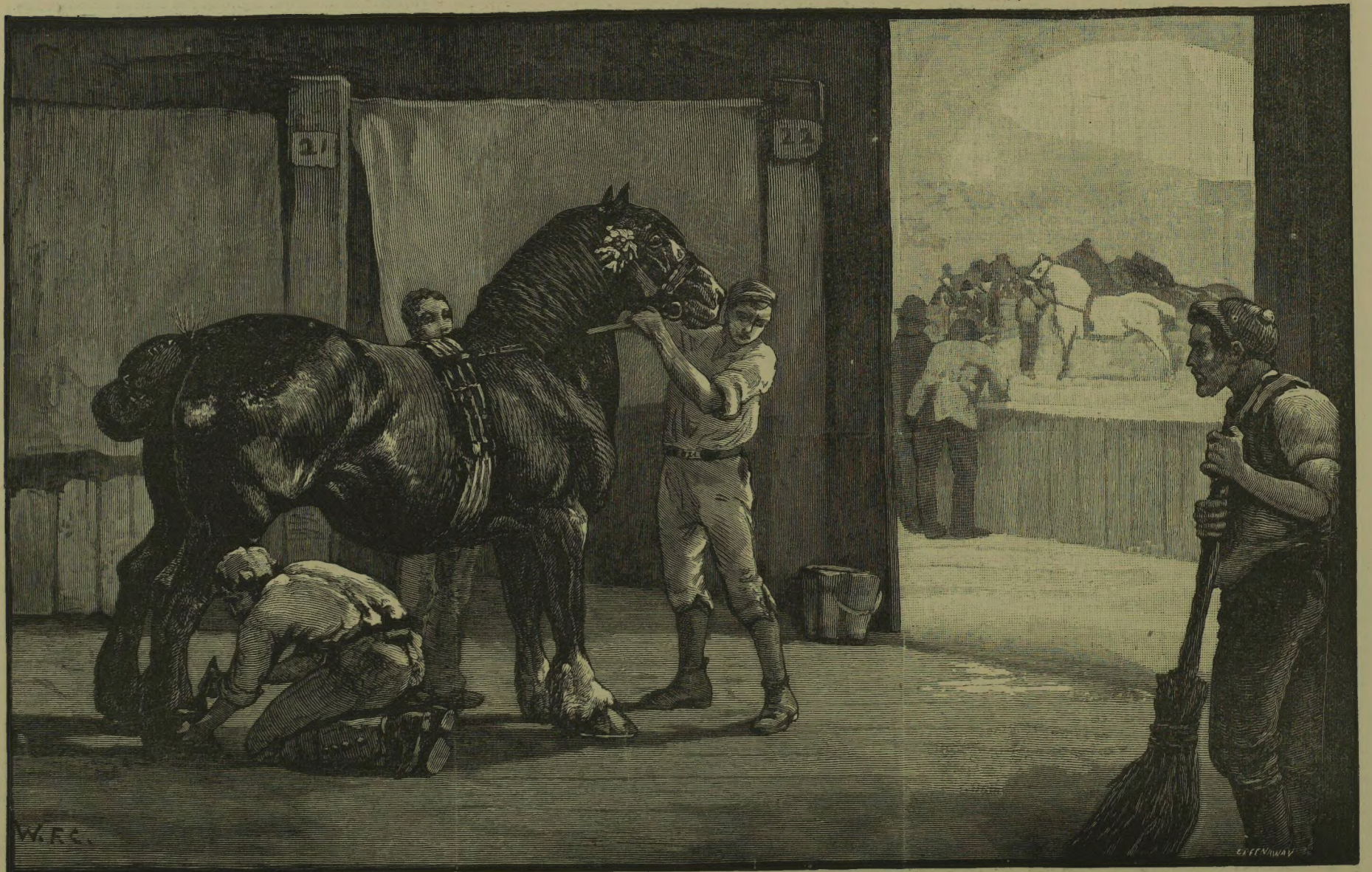
We understand that the mansion has been erected within the past twelvemonth, from the designs of a French architect, but Messrs. Giles, Gough, and Trollope, architects, of 28, Craven-street, London, have been consulted in the details of the building. Adjacent to Lord Salisbury's grounds, another villa, of similar style, has been built for an English gentleman, Mr. Livesey, who is now residing there. Lord Salisbury, we believe, is likely to visit Beaulieu in the Easter recess, by which time his new house will be ready for habitation.

\* *London Letters*. By George W. Smalley. Two vols. Macmillan.





DISCOVERIES AT THEBES, UPPER EGYPT: BRINGING THE MUMMIES FROM THE RAMESEUM.



THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW: FINISHING TOUCHES.





THE LATE MAJOR E. B. NIXON,  
MURDERED IN BURMAH.

#### THE LATE MAJOR E. B. NIXON.

One of those outbreaks of insane ferocity to which some of the wilder Asiatic races are liable, under the influence of a peculiar frenzy of intoxication, has cost the lives of two British officers at Fort Stedman, in the Shan States, east of Burmah. A Pathan, or man of the hill tribes of the North-west frontier of India, who was a corporal in a new regiment formed to replace the 33rd Madras Infantry for the Burmese military service, became excited from the abuse of some pernicious stimulant. He entered the house of Major E. B. Nixon, the commanding officer of the regiment, who was



THE LATE EARL OF ALBEMARLE.  
SEE OBITUARY NOTICES.

dressing for parade, and shot him dead. This officer, formerly of the 37th Bengal Infantry, was highly esteemed. The Adjutant of the regiment, Lieutenant Jameson, who with two Sepoys endeavoured to seize and disarm the murderer, was also mortally wounded, dying a few hours later.

#### THE NEW DEAN OF WELLS.

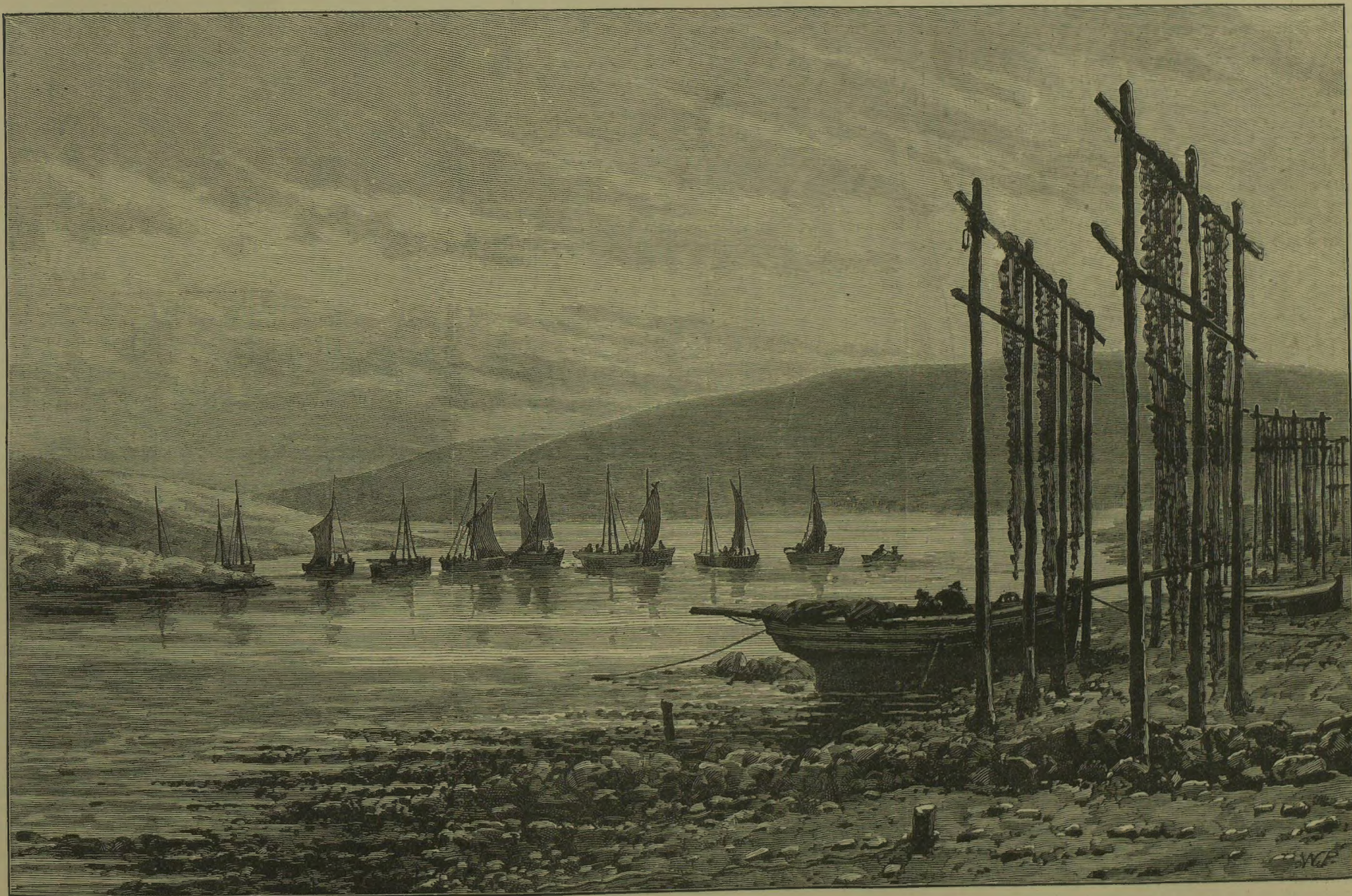
The appointment of the Rev. Thomas William Jex-Blake, D.D., to the Deanery of Wells has been announced. He was born on Jan. 26, 1832, only son of Mr. Thomas Jex-Blake of Bunwell, Norfolk. He entered Rugby School as a pupil of Mr. Cotton in 1844. In 1851 he was elected a scholar of University College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1855, obtaining a first class in classical honours both in moderations and in the final schools. Dr. Cotton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, appointed him in 1855 composition master to the sixth form at Marlborough College, and in the same year he was



THE VERY REV. DR. JEX-BLAKE, D.D.,  
THE NEW DEAN OF WELLS.

elected to a Fellowship at Queen's College, which he vacated by his marriage in 1857. He was ordained Deacon in 1856, and Priest in the following year, and became an Assistant Master at Rugby in January 1858, and, ten years later, Principal of Cheltenham College. Dr. Jex-Blake was appointed Head Master of Rugby in February 1874. He resigned in 1886, and next year was appointed to the rectory of Alvechurch, Redditch, in the diocese of Worcester. He is author of "Long Vacation in Continental Picture Galleries," "Church Comprehension," "Life in Faith," and other treatises and sermons.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. E. H. Speight, of Rugby.



LOCH FYNE FISHING-BOATS WAITING FOR AN EVENING BREEZE.—BY WALTER SEVERN.  
FROM THE PICTURE IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE DUDLEY GALLERY.



## PERSONAL.

The death of Lord Albemarle removes from us the most interesting survivor of the battle of Waterloo. Lord Albemarle was a boy of fifteen as he sat, an ensign in the 14th Foot, on a drum, while his regiment was being pelted with round shot, which every now and then plumped into a horse or a man. He described the situation very graphically when he said that it reminded him of Tom Cribb's words when he was preparing for a fight: "I wish it was fit." Lord Albemarle later lived the life of a country gentleman, devoted to his estate in Norfolk, and liking nothing better than a quiet amble round his farms. He was also a familiar figure in town life, and was to the last a sturdy, healthy, simple old man, full of stories of the great world in which he had spent his youth and manhood. He was a regular attendant at the famous "Waterloo banquet" at Apsley House, with its solemn toasts and stately commemoration of the great leader and the men who had fallen in the fight. A Portrait of Lord Albemarle is given on the preceding page.

Lord Normanby, after holding a poor Lancashire living for many years, and working very hard there, has been promoted to the vacant Deanery of Windsor. He is a High Churchman, and a vigorous preacher and active worker, though, as usual with modern holders of Cathedral preferments, he has no special claims as a scholar.

The real author of the Royal Commission on Labour which the Government have decided to appoint is Sir John Gorst, not Lord Randolph Churchill, as some rather careless observers of politics might imagine. Sir John has, since his return from the Berlin Conference and before that period, made labour questions his special study, and he has drawn up something like a programme of practical reform, of which we are likely to hear more before long. His plans have largely the approval of Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Smith, and other members of the Ministry, who represent what may be called the forward movement in Conservative politics. It is probable that the Commission will be supported by Mr. John Morley and other members on both sides of the House who do not approve of legislative interference in the hours of labour.

The late Lord Beauchamp, who died very suddenly from disease of the heart on Feb. 19, at his seat in Worcestershire, was a figure of no little distinction in his time. Twenty or thirty years ago he was a rising man in the Conservative party, spoke frequently and well, though with a certain absence of form, and, being in favour with his leaders, was talked of for high office. But he went to the Lords early, and his distinctions in the political line were not of the first order. He was successively a Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Steward, and Paymaster-General; but he was best known in the country for his High Church opinions, and for the interest he constantly evinced in music. An interesting story is related of his presiding at one of the festivals. It was arranged that encores should be given by the principal singers when the president raised his programme. Mr. Sims Reeves sang one of his ballads, and Lord Beauchamp gave the signal. Mr. Reeves paid no attention to it. Mr. Reeves sang again, and once more there were loud calls for an encore; but this time Lord Beauchamp, mindful of his slighted authority, paid no attention to the claim, and sat motionless in his chair. Personally Lord Beauchamp was an amiable and upright man, of stately presence, and with fine but rather distant manners, a good landlord, with a taste for literature, and a vein of real culture. He was more pronounced as a Churchman than as a politician. He was buried on Feb. 24 in the family vault at Madresfield Church, near the beautiful seat the grounds of which he largely designed, the chief mourner being his heir, Viscount Elmley, who is not yet of age.

There is a very pretty quarrel brewing between the Parnellites and the Irish clergy. Until the late schism occurred, Mr. Parnell and the Catholic Church were on terms of mutual toleration rather than friendship. Mr. Parnell rarely took the advice of his ecclesiastical advisers, and when Archbishop Croke and Archbishop Walsh were in town usually evaded them, and took his own course, independent of their suggestions. Now that the breach has occurred, the whole force of clerical influence in Ireland is turned against Mr. Parnell. He is denounced from the altar, and a special set is being made against the *Freeman's Journal* in the interests of the new organ of Irish Nationalism.

The relations between the *Freeman* and Archbishop Walsh are of a somewhat peculiar character. The Archbishop, who is a man of singular energy and strength of character, now denounces the *Freeman* with all his might. In the old days, however, the paper and the ecclesiastic were on very confidential terms, and there is a rather malicious story going to the effect that the Archbishop used occasionally to write his own interviews. According to a Dublin wag, the following passage occurred in one of them. The Archbishop had been accused of too vigorous proselytising, and had indignantly repelled the charge. "They have even," he said, speaking of some of the Dublin papers, "ventured to attack me on the subject!" "Your Grace!" the supposed interviewer is made to say.

It is thought probable that Mr. Peel will retire from the Speakership at the end of this Parliament, if not before. Mr. Peel's health is not good, and the late hours and long spells of sitting affect it severely. A peerage and a pension are the regular tributes to a retiring Speaker, and these would be Mr. Peel's due for his trying but, on the whole, successful tenure of the Speakership. Mr. Courtney would probably succeed him, and in his turn would be succeeded in the Chairmanship of Committee by Mr. Raikes or Mr. Whitbread, Sir John Gorst or Sir Matthew White Ridley, according to the party which happened to be in office.

Mr. Bradlaugh's portrait, by Mr. Walter Sickert, has been placed in the library of the National Liberal Club. It shows the late member for Northampton in his later appearance, when his hair had whitened and his face had greatly aged and lost something of its old fighting character. The portrait shows Mr. Bradlaugh sitting, his eyes looking down at a book, and is a fine if not an entirely characteristic piece of work.

A number of exaggerated reports have been current during the last week or so as to the health of the German Emperor. One story is that he has developed symptoms of the throat disease which carried off his father, and has therefore been

compelled to abandon public speaking. Another account has it that he has developed a moody irritability, and that he injures his health by excessive smoking. None of these stories are true. The Emperor is, no doubt, incensed by Prince Bismarck's attempt to raise a *fronde*, and to embarrass the new Government by the disclosure of old diplomatic and political secrets. But he is still the vigorous and active personality which his intimates know him to be.

Miss Florence Farr, who is the latest convert to Ibsenism among English actresses, is a young lady of considerable beauty and intelligence, but she has hitherto been mainly engaged in small parts. Her chief performance was in Mr. Todhunter's "Sicilian Idyll," where she played with much grace and with some promise of future distinction. She has also done some slight work at the Criterion and in the provinces.

Mrs. Comyns Carr has designed some very charming dresses for Miss Ellen Terry to wear in the forthcoming revival of "Charles II." at the Lyceum. The first is of pale-primrose satin, fashioned in scrupulous observance of the mode of the period, with a small quaintly shaped collar and slashed sleeves. The second, a kind of riding-dress, is of a rich dark-brown, and falls long and full over an ample petticoat of pinky red, with which colour the sleeves are slashed. Over this is worn a brown cape, reaching a little below the waist, edged with fur, and decorated about the collar with the vandyked trimmings so characteristic of the time. The large hat is of felt-brown on the upper surface, and adorned with masses of brown feathers, but black on the under side of the brim, so as to form an effective background for the red-gold hair. In the last scene, of course, all will be weeds and woe: a black dress with white at the throat and wrists, and a black drapery wrapped about the head and shoulders.

It seems a pity that the very interesting loan collection of pictures and prints relating to Dante and his times that was on view at Onslow College the other night should have been gathered together for that one evening only. The University Extension Society was primarily responsible for the entertainment, and Mrs. Oscar Wilde undertook the organisation and arrangement of the exhibition, which proved a great success. Lady Ashburton, Lady Mount-Temple, and Earl Brownlow lent pictures by Rossetti and Mr. G. F. Watts, and drawings in red chalk and pencil were contributed by Mr. G. F. Watts and Sir Frederick Leighton. There were, besides, some fine Blake engravings, notably the seven designs for the "Inferno," lent by Lord Coleridge; and no less than six chromo-lithographs of the tracing taken by Kirkup from Giotto's portrait of Dante (before its "restoration") on the wall of the Palazzo del Podesta. The original tracing itself would have been a valuable addition to this collection, and, curiously enough, it happens to abide near by in South Kensington. Its history is an odd one, illustrative of the futility of dead men's plans. Kirkup (who was a good hater) refused to sell his unique treasure to any of his fellow-countrymen, by reason of an old grudge he bore his native land, but eventually parted with it to an American virtuoso, whose heirs, however, have now brought it over sea to those shores where Kirkup vowed it should never come.

It appears not unlikely that Mr. Egmont Hake may be partially instrumental in providing for the amusement of those who go down to the country in first-class carriages, and, at the same time, in testing their integrity. The scheme is supposed to be this: In every first-class carriage, on certain railways, a Fiction Automatic Machine is to be placed, containing a select number of popular novels, with their titles set forth above their respective slots. On dropping a penny into the chosen slot a volume of light literature may be obtained in the usual (automatic) way. If this project ever arrives at execution the statistics will be amusing. How many first-class travellers will be honest enough to replace, after reading, the borrowed work?—which are their favourite books, and so on *ad infinitum*.

The first of the series of orchestral concerts announced by Mr. George F. Gaussen at the Hampstead Conservatoire of Music took place on Monday evening, Feb. 23, and, notwithstanding the thick fog that prevailed, the commodious hall was very nearly full. The scheme was exceptionally attractive, and, the audience being more or less a local one, this quite sufficed to account for the excellent attendance under disadvantageous circumstances. No fewer than four English works found a place in the orchestral selection, and each was conducted by its respective composer. Mr. J. F. Barnett furnished the opening item with his overture to Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," a clever work, written in 1873 for the now defunct British Orchestral Society. It was well played, and warmly applauded. Professor Villiers Stanford was represented by his symphony in F, No. 4, Op. 31, first introduced at a concert given at Berlin in 1889, and subsequently brought forward at the Crystal Palace concerts. This symphony, which bears the motto "Thro' Youth to Strife, Thro' Death to Life," is less interesting, perhaps, than the same composer's "Irish" symphony; but it is marked by all the distinguishing characteristics of his style, and is replete with musicianly skill and resource. Here again the band did ample justice to its task. Another prominent native composer, Mr. Hamish MacCunn, secured an admirable performance of his ballad-overture "The dowie dens o' Yarrow," founded upon portions of the ancient Ettrick ballad of that name. The picturesque piece, so brimful of Scottish colour and feeling, created its usual impressive effect, and awakened the loudest applause of the evening. The fourth item from a native pen was a novelty, to wit, a Concertstück for organ and orchestra, by Dr. F. J. Sawyer, dedicated to Professor J. F. Bridge, by whom the solo part was now played in his usual masterly fashion. The three movements of which this composition consists are a slow Prelude in D minor, an Andante in F, and a Finale (Allegro Moderato) in D major. The thematic material may not boast much originality, but its skilful construction and development did not escape notice. The other features of the concert may be briefly dismissed. Miss Agnes Bartlett gave a creditable rendering of Saint-Saëns's pianoforte concerto in G minor, and also played some short solos, shining to the greatest advantage in the latter. The vocalist was Madame Clara Samuel, who displayed her customary charm of voice and style in the waltz-air from Gounod's "Mireille" and Sullivan's "Orpheus with his lute."

Mr. Augustus Harris is bringing his fancy-dress balls at Covent-Garden to a close with considerable *éclat*. Prizes have been offered for the most charming costume worn by a lady, the best comic or burlesque costume, the best historical costume, and the best original and grotesque costume. The prizes, supplied for the occasion by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent-street, are exceedingly beautiful, including a fine diamond flight of seven pigeons forming five separate brooches, and a diamond owl brooch with ruby eyes.

The Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Premier of the Cape, has been on a visit to Mr. Monro, Provost of Oriel College, Oxford. Mr. Cecil Rhodes is a graduate of Oriel.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The capital of France has recently been the chief centre of



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

interest in Europe, on account of the visit of the Empress Frederick to the French capital. It is pretty certain that the journey of the Empress had no political object; but it is equally clear that it has been looked upon as an event of no mean importance, and one which may have consequences not altogether unconnected with politics. A few weeks ago it was rumoured that the German Emperor intended to pay a short visit to Paris, and almost immediately the report was contradicted in the German

Press. On Feb. 19 the news was flashed throughout Europe that the mother of the Emperor had arrived in Paris, ostensibly to make purchases for the decoration of Königstein, but in reality in order to secure an adequate representation of French art at the exhibition which is to be held in Berlin. It is said that her Majesty's journey was undertaken at the request of the Emperor himself, who is anxious to see the finest samples of modern French art exhibited in his capital, and whose letter on the occasion of the death of Meissonier was, no doubt, intended to prepare the way. When these facts are remembered, it is, perhaps, not unreasonable to suppose that there was a desire on the part of the Emperor to ascertain in a practical manner the real feelings entertained by the French people towards Germany, possibly with the ultimate object of going himself to Paris at some future period. The result, so far as the Empress is personally concerned, is satisfactory: her Majesty was everywhere received with marks of deep respect, although she found the enterprising Parisian reporter a rather obtrusive person. But as to the feelings of the French towards Germany, it is hard to form an opinion from the reception extended to the Empress Frederick. It is a significant fact that the responsible organs of the French Press have been most reserved in their comments, and although no importance need be attached to the speeches of M. Laur and M. Deroulède, who advised a mob of Boulangists not to insult the Empress, but to shout "Vive l'Alsace-Lorraine!" when she passed, it would be rash to assume that the French have, if not forgotten, at least forgiven the events of twenty years ago. Nevertheless, a number of the most distinguished French artists have decided to exhibit in Berlin, and this fact may possibly mark the commencement of a new and more satisfactory state of things, and of improved relations between France and Germany. Should such a desirable result follow, it will be gratifying to the people of this country that it was brought about by the visit to Paris of the eldest daughter of the Queen.

The appointment of Mr. Justice Scott as English legal adviser to the Khedive and President of the Committee of Inspection of the Native Tribunals is now an accomplished fact, and, as was to be expected, has created great irritation in France. Count d'Aubigny, the French Minister, has officially protested against the scheme of judicial reform advocated by Mr. Justice Scott, and intimated that the French Government would now refuse to consent to the savings realised by the conversion of the debt being applied to the abolition of the *corvée* and the increase of the army and the police. And now the periodic controversy about Egypt will be revived in French and English newspapers, just at the moment when delicate negotiations are being carried on with regard to Newfoundland. It may be that the judicial reforms in Egypt could not be delayed, but it must be admitted that the coincidence is unfortunate. To the impartial observer it seems as if, in this Egyptian Question, both parties were under considerable misapprehension as to each other's real feelings and intentions, owing to the fact that one expects what it cannot hope to obtain, while the other tries hard to persuade itself that it will ultimately accomplish what is beyond its power to do at present, and will become more impossible still as time goes on. A little plain speaking might have saved a world of trouble in years past, and more trouble even in years to come.

That a crisis was impending in Serbia was plain to everyone for some time past. It has come at last, but without, so far, causing any uneasiness either in Vienna or in St. Petersburg, for, thanks to the visit to the last-mentioned capital of the Archduke Ferdinand d'Este, Russian and Austrian statesmen have been enabled to form a very accurate opinion of their respective views regarding possible events in the Balkan Peninsula. The crisis was brought about in this way. M. Gruitch's Opportunist Ministry has been gradually losing its hold upon the majority in the Skuptschina, while Radical ideas were making considerable progress, and a Radical programme was drawn up which found great favour among the masses of the Serbian people. Shortly stated, this programme embodies the following points: abolition of the standing army; reduction of the expenditure; a new foreign policy; and restoration of the Karageorgevitch dynasty. On Feb. 20 M. Gruitch placed his resignation in the hands of the Regents, and, three days later, M. Pachitch succeeded in forming a new Cabinet. M. Pachitch is not a man of great distinction, but he is a thorough Serbian, a man of resolute will, and a born politician—in a word, such a leader as would naturally obtain influence over the rough people of Serbia. The new Minister will, however, in all probability be found too moderate for the extreme Radicals, and his administration is not expected to last a very long time, for it will have to make way for an ultra-Radical Cabinet, when a more serious crisis will no doubt follow. Already there are signs of an agitation being started in favour of Prince Karageorgevitch, the Pretender to the throne of Serbia. A member of the Skuptschina, Dr. Stanojevitch, who happens to be a relative of the Prince, has issued a manifesto to the Serbians, calling upon Parliament to appoint a Committee for the National Deliverance. It is needless to add that this precious document was immediately seized by the police, but not before it had caused a great sensation in Belgrade. As to the author of the manifesto, he was expelled from the Radical Club, a body which seems paramount in Serbia, and supports M. Pachitch.

In the Argentine things are very unsettled. An attempt was made on Feb. 20 to assassinate General Roca by a youth, who fired a pistol at him, inflicting a slight wound. Whether the would-be murderer was a lunatic or the tool of some revolutionary party does not appear from the information at hand. But there is no doubt that the situation is serious, for a state of siege has been declared in Buenos Ayres, where troops are kept under arms and reinforcements expected.



## THE SULTAN OF JOHORE.

This Eastern Asiatic Prince, whose present visit to London is not his first, and who has been sojourning more than a twelve-month in different parts of the Continent of Europe, mostly at Frankfort and Carlsbad, in South Germany, and Switzerland, well received in high society, has his home, the capital of a small Malay independent State, thirty-five miles to the east of Singapore. Johore, as well as the adjacent States in the southern part of the Malay peninsula, is under a British Protectorate; and one purpose of the Sultan's visit is to confer with her Majesty's Government upon an arrangement for securing the succession of his son to the throne. The Principality, with the old title of Tumongong for its ruler, has existed since the early part of the sixteenth century, and was formerly of much larger territorial extent, but was divided by the terms of a convention agreed to in 1824, previously to the union of Penang, Singapore, and Malacca as the British Straits Settlements. The Sultan, who is a Mohammedan, has about 115,000 subjects, Malays and Chinese, and lives on most amicable terms with the English of Singapore and other Europeans. He has shown much hospitality to distinguished travellers from England, including the late Duke of Sutherland and Lady Brassey, who were courteously entertained by him as guests of the Palace at Johore. On Saturday, Feb. 21, the Sultan, with his two nephews, was presented by Lord Knutsford to the Queen at Windsor Castle, and dined that evening with Lord Knutsford in Eaton-square.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Herr Nache, of Frankfort-on-the-Main.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

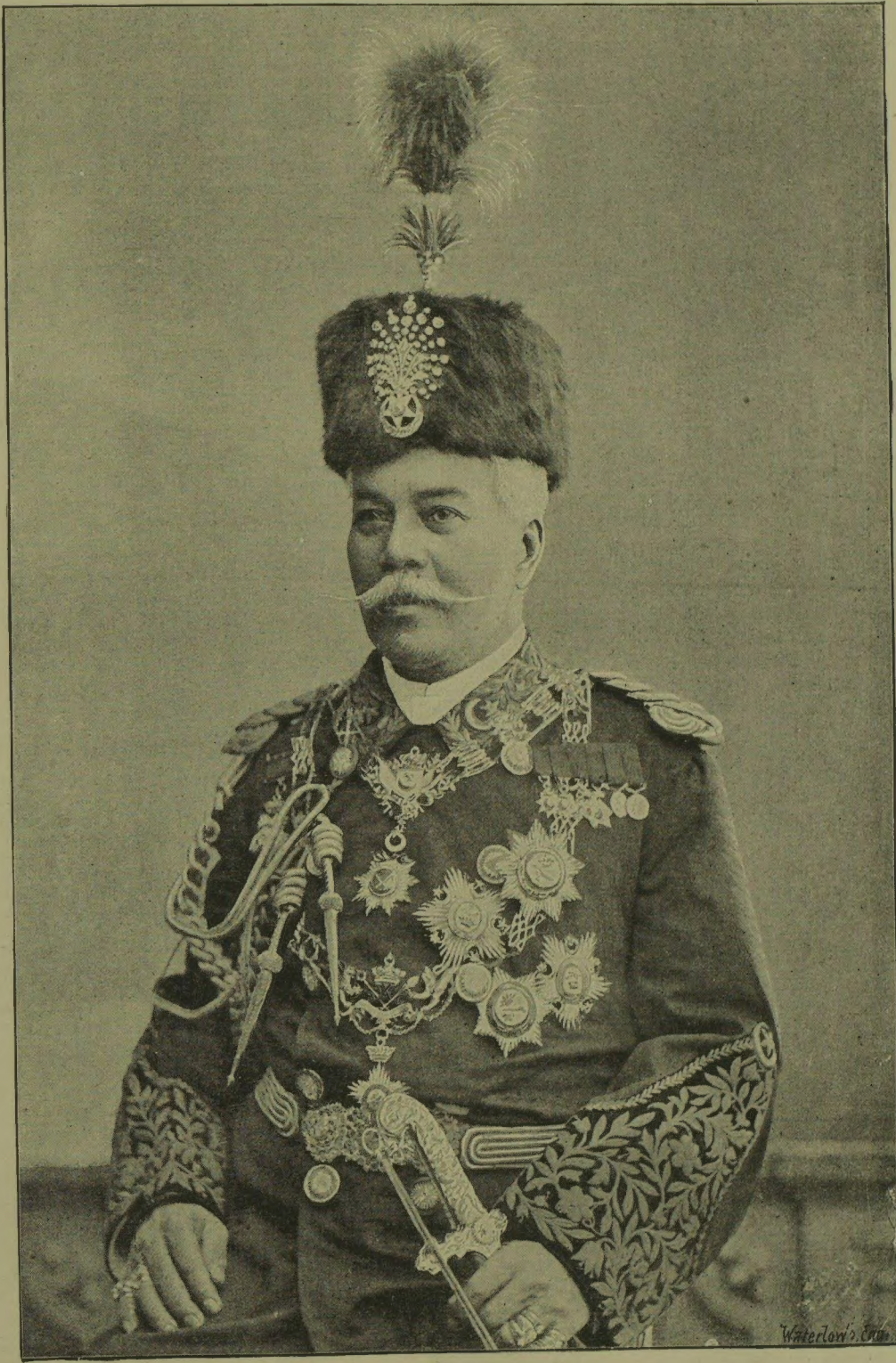
BY THE MACE.

Of all the Ministers I ever knew, Mr. W. H. Smith has my deepest sympathy. What burdens that excellent man has to carry! He must always be ready with a reply of some kind to Mr. Gladstone. It is generally delivered in a perfectly inaudible voice, as of one who says: "You cannot want to hear what I have to say, but, as I must discharge my duty to the country, I say it." So when Mr. Smith, bald and blameless, stands at the table, half the House troops out, but the other half contemplates him with a sort of automatic respect. Nobody may have the least idea what he is talking about, but is he not the type of all that is bland and moral and decorously patriotic? Who ever said an unkind word of the Leader of the House? Who will ever rise in debate and pulverise him? That would be an unspeakable outrage—like treading on a cat's tail. But don't suppose that Mr. Smith is regarded merely with good-natured tolerance. There is an indefinable substance about him that exercises authority. There is a fascinating cunning which gentlemen below the gangway cannot resist. They are like refractory children, who are soothed by the voice of Nurse Smith, murmuring, "Go to bed, my little dears, when your nursesey-pursesey tells you!" Even more subtly charming is Mr. Smith's humour. Somebody asked what was the difference between January and July in a matter of public business. "Sir," said the leader of the House, "there is a difference of temperature!" Everybody smiled; even that stern patriot Mr. William Johnston of Ballykilbeg for the moment forgot the machinations of the Pope. But Mr. Smith is greatest when he is handling a complicated subject. For example, there is his great speech on the income tax. Mr. Bartley, a Conservative member with a consuming passion for arithmetic, proposed that there should be no tax on incomes below £500 a year, and that an income drawn from actual labour should be favourably distinguished from an income drawn from wealth or inheritance. What was to be done? The Government had no idea—an emergency which often happens to Governments. Had the Chancellor of the Exchequer appeared upon the scene, he might have expressed some views which would have ruffled a Conservative member eager for arithmetical distinction. Besides, the income tax is a ticklish subject. Mr. Gladstone once burnt his fingers with it very badly. Everybody loathes it; yet you cannot shift the incidence off one class without putting it on another. In a crisis of this kind Mr. Smith is simply invaluable. He delivers a little speech which only a curmudgeon could criticise, promises a Bill some day or other, expresses sympathy with small income-tax payers, and diffuses through the House such an atmosphere of bountiful benevolence that I am quite shocked when Mr. Bartley persists in going to a division.

The greatest contrast to Mr. Smith is Mr. Labouchere. There was a time when I thought I should never get reconciled to the spectacle of the member for Northampton, with one hand in his pocket, criticising the expenditure on the royal kitchen gardens. I still recall with pain a speech he made on the Duke of Edinburgh's coal bill. An infinite capacity for infinitesimal things is Mr. Labouchere's distinguishing characteristic. But he is amusing, and that cannot be said of everybody below the Opposition gangway. He is also economical. If he had to make an expedition to Tokar, he would do it on a donkey. He is sometimes alarming. There was quite a fierce flutter around him when he said the other day that the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University was in the habit of trying charges against young women in private, accompanied by "a couple of bulldogs." "Bulldogs!" echoed Mr. Cremer under his breath, as if he actually saw the ferocious brutes with their jaws meeting in the plump arm of some unfortunate Cambridge damsel. Subsequently I noticed Mr. Labouchere in close confabulation with Mr. Cremer, whom he was evidently trying to convince that the University "bulldog" is not a

real dog. Mr. Cremer shook his head. "No, Labouchere," I am sure he was saying—"no, no; you can't persuade me. Your native kindness prompts you to explain away this terrible iniquity. But it won't do. I can see the unhappy girl mangled by the fangs of the ferocious bloodhounds of aristocratic tyranny!" Then Mr. Cunningham Graham intervened, and I think he endeavoured to make Mr. Cremer understand that a bulldog was not a bloodhound, anyway, but without much success.

Mr. Labouchere is, however, most imposing when he is dealing with some question of foreign policy or with the Army. He desires to have the British military forces entirely under his eye. When they are loitering abroad in Egypt, for instance, he is uneasy and suspicious. It would be much more satisfactory if the Army were reduced to such proportions that Mr. Labouchere might review it in the course of a saunter in Pall-mall, and be sure of finding it when he emerged from the Reform Club. Mr. Morton, of Peterborough, goes still further. He wants war to be abolished. Why is it carried on? Merely to gratify "the titled classes at the West-end!" As everybody knows, they habitually create wars, in which nefarious work they are aided and abetted by Royal personages. Let us have arbitration, and let wise men, like Mr. Morton, be appointed to arrange every international difficulty. I am sure this would be an immense relief to Mr. Stanhope. He



THE SULTAN OF JOHORE.

must be tired of explaining that the magazine rifle is the best of all possible rifles, and that Mr. Hanbury, who professes to understand the grievances of the private soldier, does not know that Tommy Atkins is the most contented creature in the world. The Secretary for War is the least enviable member of the Government. The poor man has to dispute every criticism, and maintain that the Army is in a perfectly ideal condition. Who says the private soldier has not enough pay, that his rations are inadequate, that he has to pay for his clothes, and refund the price to the War Office if he chances to lose them, that there is no inducement to enlist, and that recruits are systematically deceived? Who dares to say these things? Mr. Hanbury, like the sparrow with his bow and arrow, may shoot at "Cock Robin," the cock-sure robin on the Treasury Bench, but that bird is defiant. The retired robin on the front Opposition Bench, who hopes to hop back to the official perch some day—he too is astonished at Mr. Sparrow Hanbury's assurance. We have a perfect Army, a happy Army, and if recruits won't come in it is because they don't know what is good for them. As General Goldsworthy says, everybody ought to envy the private soldier. And I suppose I ought to yearn to be carried, instead of a rifle, on the shoulder of a joyous sentry at Buckingham Palace.

Our Portrait of the late Earl of Albemarle is from a photograph by Mr. John Edwards, 1, Parkside, Hyde Park Corner; that of Colonel Hotted Smith is by Abdullah Frères, of Cairo; and that of the late Captain H. L. Barrow, by Mr. A. Bassano, 25, Old Bond-street.

## LECTURING.

This is the time of year when the popular lecturer is in great demand. He begins to be in season in November, and he is not out of season until the end of March. Fashionable London knows comparatively little of him: he is preserved in a few of the suburbs, where his price varies in accordance with his name or reputed quality; but he is chiefly valued in the provinces.

There are at least five hundred institutes in the United Kingdom which make what is called a "feature" of the popular lecture during the winter months. That is to say, there are at least five hundred which can afford to pay a reasonable price for the entertainment. And, at its best, it is not a common entertainment by any means. Within the last few years lecturing has been organised as a profession in England. It is not, perhaps, quite so lucrative a profession as it once was in America; but the profits are good for the best practitioners, and there is a moderate income in it for the average performer who has secured a fair "connection."

The large and wealthy provincial institutes have their choice of the best lecturing talent that can be hired, and the programmes of some of them are very imposing affairs. Somebody does or writes or says something that sets everybody talking for a season. The institute asks him to lecture. He is as likely as not to accept (sometimes for a big and sometimes for a nominal price), and they give him the chief place in their programmes, and he makes the success of the season. His name looms large on the list of lecturers, and he is a certain "draw." He may prove an admirable lecturer, or a very poor one: in either case he has served the purpose of the lecture committee, who needed one name of note on their programme. If he lectures well the committee will invite him again; if he does not, it is comparatively immaterial: the subscribers to the institute paid to see him, and they saw him.

The people who go to lectures have their crazes, like the rest of us. They want to see and hear somebody of whom they have read in the newspapers. He may be a hero, or he may be a humbug: that is not the question. If Society has talked of him, they want to see him in the flesh.

So the hero or notoriety of the day is a good "catch" for the managers of the provincial institutes. All the best-known literary and scientific institutes in the country compete for the services of the celebrities of the day, and somehow they manage to secure them.

The lecture-list of a leading provincial institute bristles with good names. Here, for example, are the newest novelist, the most popular scientist, a war-correspondent, some Irish M.P., an explorer, an artist with a grievance against the Academy, and a distinguished foreign visitor. These are high-priced game, but the rich institutes make it their business to secure them.

It may be presumed, then, that the popular lecturer is pretty well paid. Yes; he has, on the whole, no reason for complaint on that score. His remuneration is seldom on a lower scale than that of a fashionable actor, and frequently it is on a much higher one. Very few actors, for example, are in receipt of £60 a week; but many lecturers pocket a cheque for £10 every time they appear on a platform. There are one or two institutes which seldom pay less than that, but there are many which seldom pay so much. There is no fixed rate. The lion of the season, if there happen to be one on hire, takes the lion's share; and then the prices are not quite so good for the smaller fry. Mr. Stanley's terms, had he lectured in England this season, would have been pretty much what he chose to demand. A new lecturer, anxious to make his connection, finds it worth his while to accept small fees from good institutes, during his first season, and sometimes even to offer his services for nothing. A comparatively unknown man would probably be very willing, in his first winter, to lecture *à titre gracieux*, at the Birkbeck Institute, or before the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society in Newcastle.

The field is open to everybody, and within the last few years the system has been so admirably organised, and so largely developed, that at this day the professional lecturer's name is legion. Naturally, the standard of the entertainment has risen; and provincial audiences, having listened session after session to the best that could be procured for them, have become critical. Lecture committees able to offer handsome terms are fastidious and eclectic in fashioning their programmes, and particular in the matter of credentials. They have found out that the popular author does not always do justice to himself on the platform, and that the hero of a sensational expedition or a harrowing shipwreck is not necessarily gifted as a lecturer. A celebrity of the first order may make the tour of the provinces once on the strength of whatever reputation he may have won, but if he fail to please as a lecturer he disappears from the lists.

The popular lecture demands as much art as the after-dinner speech. It should be (what it is not invariably) quite unlike most sermons, and all academic discourses and leading articles—that is to say, it should be entertaining or nothing. It ought not to teach much, and it should never be edifying.

T. H.

Influenza is said to have made ravages in Tokio, and many fatal cases have occurred.

It is said that the London atmosphere is having a most disastrous effect upon Cleopatra's Needle, on the Thames Embankment. It has, however, been suggested that a dressing of "silicates" may perhaps save the hieroglyphics from utter effacement.





LORD SALISBURY'S NEW VILLA AT BEAULIEU, NEAR NICE.





DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

*It is impossible to imagine the plaintive wailing note her voice had as she uttered those Danish words—"I am fatherless!"*

## MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### RESCUED.

This is a thing easy to recall, but how am I to convey the reality of it? What is there in ink to put before you that wide scene of starlit gloom, the dusky shapes of swell for ever running noiselessly at us—no sounds saving the occasional creaking of the raft as she was swayed—the motionless, black outlines of Helga and myself overhanging the pallid streak of cot—at intervals a low sob breaking from the girl's heart, and the overwhelming sense of present danger, of hopelessness, made blacker yet by the night? And amid all this the crazy babbling of the dying Dane, now in English and now in his native tongue!

It was just upon the stroke of one o'clock in the morning when he died. I had brought my watch to the lamp, when he fetched a sort of groaning breath, of a character that caused me to bend my ear to his lips; and I found that he had ceased to breathe. I continued to listen, and then, to make sure, cast the light of the lamp upon him.

"He has gone!" cried Helga.

"God has taken him," said I. "Come to this side, and sit by me!"

She did as I asked, and I took her hand. I knew by her respiration that she was weeping, and I held my peace till her grief should have had some vent. I then spoke of her father, represented that his ailments must in all probability have carried him off almost as swiftly ashore; that he had died a peaceful death, with his daughter beside him, and his wife and home present in a vision to his gaze; and said that, so far from grieving, we should count it a mercy that he had been called away thus easily, for who was to imagine what lay before us—what sufferings, which must have killed him certainly later on?

"His heart broke when his barque sank," said she. "I heard it in his cry."

"This might very well have been, too."

Never was there so long a night. The moon was behind the sea, and after she was gone the very march of the stars seemed arrested, as though nature had cried "Halt!" to the universe. Having run the lamp aloft, I resolved to leave it there, possessed now with such a superstitious notion as might well influence a shipwrecked man, that if I lowered it again no vessel would appear. Therefore, to tell the time, I was obliged to strike a match, and whenever I did this I would stare at my watch and put it to my ear and doubt the evidence of my sight, so inexpressibly slow was the passage of those hours.

Helga's sobs ceased. She sat by my side, speaking seldom after we had exhausted our first talk on her coming round to where I was. I wished her to sleep, and told her that I could

easily make a couch for her, and that my oilskin would protect her from the dew. I still held her hand as I said this, and I felt the shudder that ran through her when she replied that she could not lie down, that she could not sleep. Perhaps she feared I would disturb her father's body to make a bed for her; and, indeed, there was nothing else on the raft, saving the poor fellow's cloak and his pillows and blankets, out of which I could have manufactured a bed.

Had I been sure that he was dead, I should have slipped the body overboard while it remained dark, so that Helga should not have been able to see what I did; but I had not the courage to bury him merely because I believed he was dead, because he lay there motionless; and I was constantly thinking how I should manage when the dawn came—how I was so to deal with the body as to shock and pain poor Helga as little as possible.

As we sat side by side, I felt a small pressure of her shoulder against my arm, and supposed that she had fallen asleep, but, on my whispering, she immediately answered. Dead tired I knew the brave girl must be, but sleep could not visit eyes whose gaze I might readily guess was again and again directed at the faint pale figure of the cot.

The light air shifted into the north-west at about three o'clock in the morning, and blew a small breeze which extinguished the star-flakes that here and there rode upon the swell, and raised a noise of tinkling, rippling waters along the sides of the raft. I guessed this new direction of the wind by my observation of a bright greenish star which had hung in the wake of the moon, and was now low in the west. This light breeze kindled a little hope in me, and I would rise again and again to peer into the quarter whence it blew in the expectation of spying some pale shadow of ship. Once Helga, giving a start, exclaimed:—

"Hush! I seem to hear the throb of a steamer's engines!"

We both stood up hand in hand, for the sway of the raft made a danger of it as a platform, and I listened with strained hearing. It might have been a steamer, but there was no blotch of darkness upon the obscurity the sea-line round to denote her, nor any gleam of lantern. Yet for nearly a quarter of an hour did we listen, in a torment of attention, and then resumed our seats side by side.

The dawn broke at last, dispelling, as it seemed to my weary despairing imagination, a long month of perpetual night. The cold grey was slow and stealthy, and was a tedious time in brightening into the silver and rose of sunrise. My first act was to sweep the sea for a ship, and I then went to the cot and looked at the face upon the pillows in it. If I had never seen death before, I might have known it now. I turned to the girl.

"Helga," said I, gently, "you can guess what my duty is—for your sake, and for mine, and for his too."

I looked earnestly at her as I spoke: she was deadly pale, haggard, her eyes red and inflamed with weeping, and her expression one of exquisite touching sorrow and mourning. But the sweetness of her young countenance was dominant even in that supreme time, and, blending with the visible signs of misery in her looks, raised the mere prettiness of her features into a sad beauty that impressed me as a spiritual rather than as a physical revelation.

"Yes, I know what must be done," she answered. "Let me kiss him first."

She approached the cot, knelt by it, and put her lips to her father's: then raising her clasped hands above her head, and looking upwards, she cried out—"Jeg er faderløs! Gud hjælp mig!"

I stood apart waiting, scarcely able to draw my breath for the pity and sorrow that tightened my throat. It is impossible to imagine the plaintive wailing note her voice had as she uttered those Danish words—"I am fatherless! God help me!" She then hid her face in her hands, and remained kneeling and praying.

After a few minutes she arose, kissed again the white face, and seated herself with her back upon the cot.

No one could have named to me a more painful, a more distasteful piece of work than the having to handle the body of this poor Danish captain, and launch him into that fathomless grave upon whose surface we lay. First I had to remove the ropes which formed our little bulwark, that I might slide the cot overboard; then with some ends of line I laced the figure in the cot, that it should not float away out of it when launched. The work kept me close to the body, and, thin and white as he was, yet he looked so lifelike, wore an expression so remonstrant, that my horror was sensibly tinged with a feeling of guilt as though instead of burying him I was about to drown him.

I made all dispatch possible for Helga's sake, but came to a pause, when the cot was ready, to look about me for a sinker. There was nothing that I could see but the jars, and, as they contained our little stock of spirits and fresh water, they were altogether too precious to send to the bottom. I could do no more than hope that the canvas would speedily grow saturated, then fill and sink; and, putting my hands to the cot, I dragged it to the edge of the raft, and went round to the head and pushed.

It was midway over the side, when a huge black rat sprang from among the blankets out through the lacing, and disappeared under the hatch-cover. I had no doubt it was the same rat that had leapt from my shoulder aboard the barque. If it had terrified me there, you will guess the shock it caused me now! I uttered some cry in the momentary consternation raised in me by this beastly apparition of life flashing, so to speak, out of the very figure and stirlessness of death, and Helga looked and called to know what was the matter.



"Nothing, nothing," I replied. "Turn your eyes from me, Helga!"

She immediately resumed her former posture, covering her face with her hands. The next moment I had thrust the cot fair into the sea, and it slid off to a distance of twice or thrice its own length, and lay rising and falling, to all appearances buoyant as the raft itself. I knew it would sink so soon as the canvas and blankets were soaked, yet that might take a little while in doing, and dreading lest Helga should look— for you will readily conceive how dreadful would be to the girl that sight of her father afloat in the square of canvas, his face showing clearly through the lacing of rope—I went to her, and put my arm round her, and so, but without speaking, obliged her to keep her face away. I gathered from her passiveness that she understood me. When I glanced again, the cot was in the act of sinking; in a few beats of the heart it vanished, and all was blank ocean to the heavens—a prospect of little flashy and feathering ripples, but glorious as molten and sparkling silver in the east under the soaring sun.

I withdrew my hand from Helga's shoulder. She then looked, and sighed heavily, but no more tears flowed. I believe she had wept her heart dry!

"In what words am I to thank you for your kindness and sympathy?" said she. "My father and my mother are looking down upon us, and they will bless you."

"We must count on being saved, Helga," said I, forcing a cheerful note into my voice. "You will see Kolding again, and I shall hope to see it too, by your side." And, with the idea of diverting her mind from her grief, I told her of my promise to her father, and how happy it would make me to accompany her to Denmark.

"I have been too much of a home bird," said I. "You will provide me with a good excuse for a ramble, Helga; but first you shall meet my dear old mother, and spend some time with us. I am to save your life, you know. I am here for that purpose"; and so I continued to talk to her, now and again coaxing a light sorrowful smile to her lips; but it was easy to know where her heart was; all the while she was sending glances at the sea close to the raft, where she might guess the cot had sunk, and twice I overheard her whisper to herself that same passionate grieving sentence she had uttered when she kissed her father's dead face: "*Jeg er faderløs! Gud hjælpe mig!*"

The morning stole away. Very soon after I had buried the captain I lowered the lamp, and sent the Danish flag we had brought with us to the head of the little mast, where it blew out bravely, and promised to boldly court any passing eye that might be too distant to catch a sight of our flat platform of raft. I then got breakfast, and induced Helga to eat and drink. Somehow, whether it was because of the sick complaining captain, with his depressing menace of death, being gone, or because of the glad sunshine, the high marbling of the heavens, full of fine weather, and the quiet of the sea, with its placid heave of swell and its twinkling of prismatic ripples, my heart felt somewhat light, my burden of despondency was easier to carry, was less crushing to my spirits. What to hope for I did not know. I needed no special wisdom to guess that if we were not speedily delivered from this raft we were as certainly doomed as though we had clung to the barque and gone down in her. Yet spite of this there was a stirring of hope in me. It seemed impossible but that some ship must pass us before the day was gone. How far we had blown to the southward and westward during the gale I could not have told, but I might be sure we were not very distant from the mouth of the English Channel, and therefore in the fair way of vessels inwards and outwards bound, more particularly of steamers heading for Portuguese and Mediterranean ports.

But hour after hour passed, and nothing hove into view. The sun went floating from his meridian into the west, and still the horizon remained a blank, near, heaving line with the sky whitening to the ocean rim. Again and again Helga sought the boundary as I did. Side by side we would stand, she holding by my arm, and together we gazed, slowly sweeping the deep.

"It is strange!" she once said, after a long and thirsty look. "We are not in the middle of the ocean. Not even the smoke of a steamer!"

"Our horizon is narrow," answered I. "Does it exceed three miles? I should say not, save when the swell lifts us, and then perhaps we may see four. Four miles of sea!" I cried. "There may be a dozen ships' within three leagues of us, all of them easily within sight from the maintop of the Anine were she afloat. But what sort of a straight course for the raft could bring this speck of timber on which we stand into view? This is the sort of situation to make one understand what is signified by the immensity of the ocean."

She shivered and clasped her hands.

"That I—that we—" she exclaimed, speaking slowly and almost under her breath—"should have brought you to this pass, Mr. Tregarthen! It was our fate by rights—but it ought not to be yours!"

"You asked me to call you Helga," said I; "and you must give me my christian name."

"What is it?" she asked.

"Hugh."

"It is a pretty name. If we are spared, it will be sweet to my memory while I have life!"

She said this with an exquisite artlessness, with an expression of wonderful sweetness and gentleness in her eyes which were bravely fastened upon me, and then, suddenly catching up my hand, put her lips to it and pressed it to her heart, letting it fall as she turned her face upon the water on that side of the raft where her father's body had sunk.

My spirits, which remained tolerably buoyant while the sun stood high, sank as he declined. The prospect of another long night upon the raft and of all that might happen in a night was insupportable. I had securely bound the planks together, as I believed, but the constant play of the swell was sure to tell after a time. One of the ligatures might chafe through, and in a minute the whole fabric scatter under our feet like the staves of a stove boat, and leave us no more than a plank to hold on by in the midst of this great sea, which all day long had been without ships. I often bitterly deplored I had not brought a sail from the barque, for the air that hung steady all day blew landwards, and there was no weight in it to have carried away the flimsiest fabric we could have erected. A sail would have given us a drift—perhaps have put us in the way of sighting a vessel, and in any case it would have mitigated the intolerable sense of helpless imprisonment which came to one with thoughts of the raft floating without an inch of way upon her, overhanging all day long, as it might have seemed, that very spot of waters in which Helga's father had found his grave.

Shortly before sundown Helga sighted a sail in the south-west. It was the merest shaft of pearl gleaming above the ocean rim, and visible to us only when the quiet heave of the sea threw us up. It was no more than a vessel's topmost canvas, and before the sun was gone the dim star-like sheen of those cloths had faded out into the atmosphere.

"You must get some rest to-night, Helga," said I. "Your keeping awake will not save us if we are to be drowned, and if we are to be saved then sleep will keep you in strength. It is the after-consequences of this sort of exposure and mental distress which are to be dreaded."

"Shall I be able to sleep on this little rickety platform?" she exclaimed, running her eyes, glowing dark against the faint scarlet in the west, over the raft. "It brings one so dreadfully near to the surface of the sea. The coldness of the very grave itself seems to come out of it."

"You talk like a girl now that you are dressed as one, Helga. The hearty young sailor-lad that I met aboard the Anine would have found nothing more than a raft and salt water in this business, and would have 'planked' it here as comfortably as in his cabin bunk."

"It did not please you to see me in boy's clothes," said she.

"You made a very charming boy, Helga; but I like you best as you are."

"No stranger should have seen me dressed so," she exclaimed, in a tone of voice that made me figure a little flush in her cheeks, though there was nothing to be seen in that way by the twilight which had drawn around us. "I did not care what the mates and the crew thought, but I could not have guessed"—she stammered and went on; "when I saw in the bay what the weather was likely to prove, I determined to keep my boy's dress on, more particularly after that wretched man, Damm, went away with the others, for then the Anine would be very short-handed for what might happen, and how could I have been of use in this attire?" and she took hold of her dress and looked down at it.

"I have heard before," said I, "of girls doing sailor's work, but not for love of it. In the old songs and stories they are represented as going to sea chiefly in pursuit of absconding sweethearts."

"You think me unwomanly for acting the part of a sailor?" said she.

"I think of you, Helga," said I, taking her by the hand, "as a girl with the heart of a lioness. But if I once contrive to land you safely at Kolding, you will not go to sea again, I hope?"

She sighed, without replying.

There was nothing but her father's cloak and my oilskins to make a couch for her with. When I pressed her to take some rest, she entreated softly that I would allow her to go on talking and sitting—that she was sleepless—that it lightened her heart to talk with me—that there were many hours of darkness yet before us—and that before she consented to lie down we must arrange to keep watch, since I needed rest too.

I was willing, indeed, to keep her at my side talking. The dread of the loneliness which I knew would come off the wide, dark sea into my brain when she was silent and asleep, and when there would be nothing but the stars and the cold and ghastly gleam of the ebony breast on which we lay to look at, was strong upon me. I mastheaded the bull's-eye lamp, and spread the poor Danish captain's cloak, and we seated ourselves upon it, and for a long two hours we talked together, in which time she gave me her life's history, and I chatted to her about myself. I listened to her with interest and admiration. Her voice was pure, with a quality of plaintive sweetness in it, and now and again she would utter a sentence in Danish, then translate it. It might be that the girlish nature I now found in her was accentuated to my appreciation by the memory of her boyish attire, by her appearance when on board the barque, the work she did there and the sort of roughness one associates with the trade of the sea, whether true of the individual or not; but, as I thought, never had I been in the company of any woman whose conversation and behaviour were so engaging, with their qualities of delicacy, purity, simplicity, and candour, as Helga's.

It was such another night as had passed, saving that the long ocean swell had the softness of the long hours of fine weather in its volume, whereas on the previous night it still breathed as in memory of the fierce conflict that was over.

A little after midnight there was a red scar of moon in the west, and the hour was a very dark one, spite of the silver showering of the plentiful stars. I had made for Helga the best sort of couch it was in my power to manufacture, and at this time she lay upon it sleeping deeply, as I knew by the regularity of her respiration. The sense of loneliness I dreaded had been upon me since she lay down and left me to the solitary contemplation of our situation. A small wind blew out of the north-west, and there was much slopping noise of waters under my feet amid the crevices of the clumsily framed raft. I had promised Helga to call her at three, but without intending to keep my word if she slept, and I sat near her head, her pale face glimmering out of the darkness as though spectrally self-luminous, and for ever I was turning my eyes about the sea and directing my gaze at the little masthead lantern to know that it was burning.

Happening to bend my gaze down upon the raft into some interstice close against where the hatch-cover was secured, I spied what, for the moment, I might have supposed a pair of glow-worms, minute, but defined enough. Then I believed there was a little pool of water there, and that it reflected a couple of stars. A moment after I guessed what it was, and in a very frenzy of the superstition that had been stirring in me, and in many directions of thought influencing me, from the moment of my leaving the barque, I had my hand upon the great rat—for that was what it was—and sent it flying overboard. I remember the wild squeak of the beast as I hurled it—you would have supposed it the cry of a distant gull. There was a little fire in the water, and I could see where it swam, and all very quietly I seized hold of a loose plank and, waiting till it had come near, I hit it, and kept on hitting it, till I might be sure it was drowned.

Some little noise I may have made: Helga spoke in her sleep, but did not wake. You will smile at my mentioning this trifling passage: you would laugh could I make you understand the emotion of relief, the sense of exultant happiness, that possessed me when I had drowned this rat. When I look back and recall this little detail of my experiences, I never doubt that the overwhelming spirit of the loneliness of that ocean night lay upon me in a sort of craziness. I thought of the rat as an evil spirit, a something horribly ominous to us, a menace of suffering and of dreadful death while it stayed with us. God knows why I should have thus thought; but the imagination of the shipwrecked is quickly diseased, and the moods which a man will afterwards look back upon with shame and grief and astonishment are, while they are present, to him as fruitful of terrible imaginings as ever made the walls of a madhouse ring with maniac laughter.

It might have been some half-hour after this—the silly excitement of the incident having passed out of my mind—that I fell into a doze. Nature was well-nigh exhausted in me, yet I did not wish to sleep. In proportion, however, as the workings of my brain were stealthily quieted by the slumberous feelings stealing over me, so the soothing influences without operated: the cradling of the raft, the

hushing and subduing gaze of the stars, the soft whispering of the wind.

I was awakened by a rude shock, followed by a hoarse bawling cry. There was a second shock of a sort to smartly bring my wits together, attended with several shouts, such as "What is it? What have ye run us into? Why, stroke me silly, if it ain't a raft!"

I sprang to my feet, and found the bows of a little vessel overhanging us. Small as I might know her to be, she yet loomed tall and black, and even seemed to tower over us, so low-seated were we. She lined her proportions against the starry sky, and I made out that she had hooked herself to us by running her bowsprit through the stays which supported our mast.

My first thought was for Helga, but she was rising even as I looked, and the next moment was at my side.

"For God's sake," I cried, "lower away your sail, or your stem will grind this raft to pieces! We are two—a girl and a man—shipwrecked people. I implore you to help us to get on board you!"

A lantern was held over the side, and the face of the man who held it showed out to the touch of the lustre like a picture in a camera obscura. The rays of the lantern streamed fairly upon us, and the man roared out—

"Ay! it's a raft, Jacob, and there are two of 'em, and one a gal. Chuck the man a rope's-end and he'll haul the raft alongside."

"Look out!" shouted another voice, from the after part of the little vessel, and some coils of rope fell at my feet.

I instantly seized the line, and, Helga catching hold too, we strained our united weight at it, and the raft swung alongside the craft at the moment that she lowered her sail.

"Catch hold of the lady's hands!" I shouted.

In a moment she was dragged over the side. I handed up the little parcel, containing her mother's picture and bible, and followed easily, scrambling over the low rail.

The man who grasped the lantern held it aloft to survey us, and I saw the dusky glimmer of two other faces past him.

"This is a queer start!" said he. "How long have you been knocking about here?"

"You shall have the yarn presently," said I; "but, before the raft goes adrift, it's well you should know that she is pretty handsomely stocked with provisions all worth bringing aboard."

"Right!" he cried. "Jacob, take this here lantern and jump over the side, and hand up what ye find."

All this had happened too suddenly to suffer me as yet to be sensible of what came little short of a miraculous deliverance; for had the craft been a vessel of burthen, or had there been any weight in the soft night air still blowing, she would have sheared through us as we lay asleep, and scattered the raft and drowned us out of hand—nay, before we could have cried "O God!" we should have been suffocating in the water.

I believed her at first a fishing-boat. She was luggerrigged and open, with a little fore-castle in her bows, as I had noticed while the lantern dangled in the hand of the man who surveyed us. Yet had she been a line-of-battle ship she could not, as a refuge and a means of deliverance after the horror and peril of that flat platform of raft, have filled me with more joy and thanksgiving.

"The worst is over, Helga!" I cried, as I seized the girl's cold and trembling hand. "Here is a brave little vessel to carry us home, and you will see Kolding again, after all!"

She made some answer, which her emotion rendered scarcely intelligible. Her being suddenly awakened by the shock of the collision, her alarm on seeing what might have passed in the gloom as a tall black mass of bow crushing into the raft, then the swiftness of our entry into the lugger, and the sensations which would follow on her perception of our escape from a terrible death—all this, combined with what she had gone through, was too much for the brave little creature; she could scarcely whisper; and, as I have said, her hand was cold as frost, and trembled like an aged person's as I gently brought her to one of the thwarts.

By this time I had made out that the boat carried only three of a crew. One of them holding the lantern had sprung on to the raft, and was busy in handing up to the others whatever he could lay his hands upon. They did not spend many minutes over this business. Indeed, I was astonished by their dispatch. The fellow on the raft worked like one who was very used to rummaging, and, as I knew afterwards by observing what he had taken, it was certain not a single crevice escaped him.

"That's all," I heard him shout. "There's naught left that I can find, unless so be as the parties have snugged any valuables away."

"No!" I cried, "there are no valuables, no money—nothing but food and drink."

"Come aboard, Jacob, arter ye've chucked up what's loose for firewood."

Presently the lantern flashed as it was passed across the rail, and the figure of the man followed.

"Shove her clear!" was bawled, and shortly afterwards, "Up foresail!"

The dark square of sail mounted, and one of the men came aft to the helm. Nothing was said until the sheet had been hauled aft, and the little craft was softly rippling along over the smooth folds of the swell, communicating a sensation so buoyant, so vital after the flat mechanical swaying and slanting of the inert raft, that the mere feeling of it to me was as potent in virtue as some life-giving dram.

The other two men came out of the bows and seated themselves, placing the lighted lantern in the midst of us, and so we sat staring at one another.

"Men," said I, "you have rescued us from a horrible situation. I thank you for my life, and I thank you for this lady's life."

"How long have ye been washing about, Sir?" said the man at the helm.

"Since Monday night," said I.

"A bad job!" said he; "but you'll have had it foine since Monday night. Anyone perish aboard your raft?"

"One," I answered quickly. "And now I'll tell you my story. But first, I must ask for a drop of spirits out of one of those jars you've transhipped. A sudden change of this sort tries a man to the soul."

"Ay, you're right," growled one of the others. "I know what it is to be plucked by the hair o' the head out of the hopen jaws of death, and the sort of feelings what comes arter the plucking job's o'er. Which'll be the partier jar, Sir?"

"Any one of them," said I.

He explored with the lantern, found a little jar of brandy, and the glass, or rather I should say the pannikin, went round. I coaxed Helga into taking a sup; yet she continued silent at my side, as one still dazed and incapable of mastering what had happened. Indeed, with her woman's apparel, you might have believed that she had re-equipped herself with her woman's nature.

(To be continued.)



TWO LITERARY PROBLEMS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

We are all haunted by problems. Two, in particular, haunt me just now in literature. One is—Are reviews of any use to an author? The other is—In what style should historical novels be written? As to the first, the strange experiences of a friend especially bewilder me. This excellent and conscientious man had written an historical work—in short, a kind of biography. By some chance, he had to revise it for a new edition. He had not read the reviews as they appeared, but by the kindness of his publishers he was enabled to peruse a whole sheaf of them all at once. He was first struck by the kindness, not to say good-nature, of his critics, and then he began seriously to look for advice by which he might profit. But he found that—

He praised his subject too much.  
He did not praise him half enough.  
He gave too many extracts from documents.  
He should have given more extracts from documents.  
He made too many political comments of his own.  
He made no political comments of his own.

It was not in nature that there should be no blunders in such a performance, but no critic found them out; or, if he did find them out, all were too genial to mention the errors, except where Horace was quoted from Hansard, not from Horace. My unlucky, or too lucky, friend complains that he is “no forrander” after reading a volume of reviews than he was before. He envies the good fortune of Mr. Kenyon. No sooner has Mr. Kenyon published the Aristotelian account of the Athenian Constitution than a literary paper, which did not get the first-fruits of that discovery, announces that the book has been “withdrawn” because it is so ill-edited. That was not precisely so: Aristotle’s first edition was “sold out” as rapidly as if Aristotle had been a popular novelist. But Mr. Kenyon is not left without advice. From Cambridge, especially, come reams of corrections which really must be most serviceable. Now, this eager haste to help Mr. Kenyon with his new edition is all the more generous and creditable, as Mr. Kenyon is an Oxford man. It is demonstrated, too, that specialists are the best critics. The gentlemen who “do” the short notices of novels could not have aided Mr. Kenyon as the Cambridge men so kindly do. The ordinary critics would only have reprinted bits of his preface. Thus it is demonstrated that specialists are the only useful reviewers. Does it follow that novelists should be reviewed by (unsuccessful) novelists? That is another story, to use a classical phrase.

Specialists in novel-writing can perhaps solve the second problem. In what style should an historical novel be written? If we take “Esmond” as a type, it should be written in the style of the period which it deals with. But the style of Queen Anne’s time can, at least, be ascertained by research; also it is intelligible. Suppose, on the other hand, that the period is that of Thothmes III. How on earth are we to make Thothmes, his consort, his amiable family, his ministers, talk in the style of the period? We know nothing about the colloquial style of the period. We can imitate the manner of the Bible, in the fashion of Jo Smith, but that is not, somehow, quite adequate. Suppose Thothmes is arguing with his daughter—let us call her Tain—on her aversion to accept the hand of the Hittite Crown Prince, her affections being engaged by Joseph’s son, Manasseh, should Thothmes say?—“Away, base girl! With the crown of the Khita at thy feet, wouldst thou stoop to the meanest of mine alien slaves, Manasseh, an Aperin, a child of an ignoble wandering tribe? By him who sleeps in Phylas, thou shalt taste correction!”

This is the usual way, but I doubt if Thothmes or anyone else ever really talked like that. Or should it be more like this?—“Manasseh? Tut! tut! dear, you can’t be in your senses. You are making fun of your old father. Just think! Here is young Barco, of as good a family as any but your own; brave, good-humoured, by no means ill-looking—and you prefer a Hebrew clerk in the agricultural department! Nonsense! Run away, child! Speak to your mother, and let us have no more of this!”

Thothmes, if a kindly potentate, probably took this line; but, then, it is more like “The Rose and the Ring” than an ancient Egyptian romance. People in all ages have probably talked much in the same natural kind of way, except, perhaps, the Red Indians. But one is not so sure about Cooper’s Red Indians being too true to life. And certainly no novelist will let Thothmes sink the monarch in the father. They dare not do it. In this matter, Scott, with all his experience, is of little help. For example, Tressilian finds Amy Robsart hiding in his room in Leicester’s palace. Probably Tressilian talked like Shakespeare’s people, though not in blank verse. But Sir Walter makes him say, “Leaning on my arm, as the representative of your excellent and heart-broken father, you shall meet Elizabeth.” I feel morally certain no Elizabethan would have spoken of “your excellent and heart-broken father.” Would he have said, “That good old man thy sire”? A conscientious novelist might have hazarded that. It is always with the heroes that the difficulty comes in. The minor characters in “Kenilworth” talk naturally enough, especially Nike Lambourne. “Wilt thou chop logic with me,” said Lambourne, “thou knave, with no more brains than a skene of ravelled silk? By Heaven, I will cut thee into fifty yards of gallow lace!” Nike probably did talk like that. But would Amy cry, “Have I drunk of oblivion”? Would the Fair Maid of Perth have called Hal of the Wynd “a deeply misguided man”? Perhaps she would rather have said “Ye dyvour loon,” but that might have been unladylike, and, to many readers, unintelligible. Then, in a novel of Beowulf’s date, are the persons to talk in Anglo-Saxon, and be read of none but the English Professor at Oxford? Or how are they to converse? It seems equally difficult to make them conduct their dialogue in modern English, or to write Wardour-street English, or to bring in “my halidom,” “ifeegs,” and so forth. Mr. Stevenson, in “The Black Arrow,” tried to make his personages converse in the manner of the Paston Letters, but the result was not enticing. Perhaps we should not write historical novels at all, or none of earlier date than Elizabeth’s time. A novel of Chaucer’s day, by Mr. Conan Doyle, is “running” in the *Cornhill Magazine*, but Mr. Doyle mitigates the severity of the Chaucerian style.

In translations the difficulty recurs. Take Mr. Edgar’s version (take it by all means, it is very good) of the Homeric Hymns. “Thus she spake, And Anchises right speedily heard her from his slumber. But when he saw the neck and the fair eyes of Aphrodite he was afraid, and turned his glance aside another way.” Is this the true style? or should we read?—“Anchises awoke at the sound of Aphrodite’s voice, but when his eyes fell on the goddess’s neck and face he modestly looked another way.” Or is the old French translator right who renders Homer’s “Wretched men that ye are!” by “Messieurs!”? This polite gentleman is M. Claude Boitet, in 1688. He felt, as we feel, the difficulty of adapting a modern style to an old subject, but he overcame it gallantly.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J W SHAW (Montreal).—We have already expressed our opinion, and in the main we are inclined to agree with the estimate you yourself have formed of the merits of the affair.

MRS W J BAIRD (Brighton).—Thanks for the problem, which we expect to find as acceptable as usual.

C M (Edinburgh).—At first sight your problem rather pleases us. It shall have further examination.

L W GREENWELL (Whitby).—Your supposition is quite correct: neither of those you send is the author’s. We shall be pleased to receive and acknowledge your solutions.

P H WILLIAMS (Hampstead).—No. 1 is very pretty, but has been done too often. No. 2 shall receive further attention.

C H J (Gospel Oak).—The chief analysis that has appeared is in Mr. Steinitz’s own book, and that is scarcely exhaustive.

E W JAMESON (Wolverhampton).—The position is undoubtedly a win for Black, but the game must be carefully played.

W R RAILLUM, E EDWARDS, and others.—You prefer a true bill against No. 245.

E HACKING (Liverpool).—Your solution is quite right. The purpose of the B R and Kt on their respective squares is to limit the moves of the B Q. To play her to R or Kt sq would defeat the problem.

DR F ST (Cambridge).—Your last three-mover shall have early attention. It is very neat, and we much prefer it to the previous batch.

W DAVID (Cardiff).—We have not yet decided about your problem, but fear it is hardly up to our standard.

W ROBERTSON (Perth).—You have crossed your problems and their solutions, but neither composition is quite good. One of your previous contributions is marked for insertion.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 243 received from Dr A R V Sastry (Tumkur); of No. 240 from C W Von Alten (Wyoming); of No. 241 from J W Shaw (Montreal) and C W Von Alten (Wyoming); of No. 242 from E E H and P H Hill; of No. 243 from E B, A S (The Hague), E Hacking, John G Grant, and W Hanchan (Dublin); of No. 244 from Fideles, J P Moon, E B T G (Ware), I Schlu (Vienna), Joseph T Pullen (Lancaster), E B H, Captain J A Challice, Blar H Cochran, and New Forest.

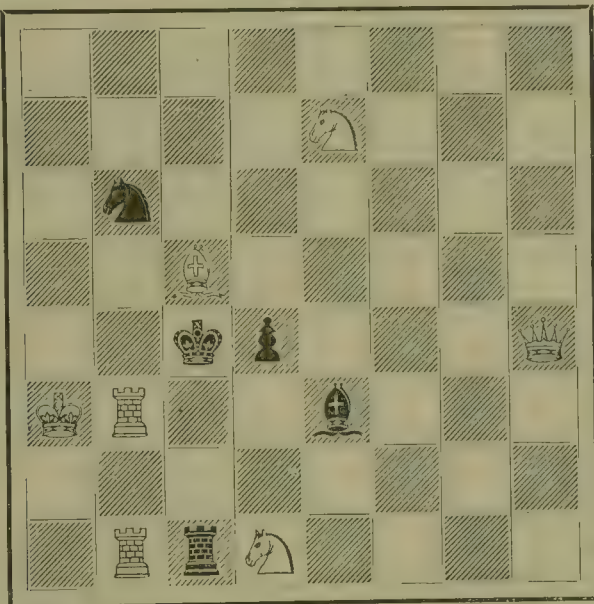
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 245 received from Alpha, E J Hawkins, T G (Ware), E B, W R Railem, T Roberts, I Greenwell (Whitby), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Joseph T Pullen, E Louden, Dawn, Dr F St, W T Hurley (Rochester), W Davil (Cardiff), R Worries (Canterbury), Blar H Cochran, Arthur Church, T Chown, J Ross (Whitby), Martin F, Edelitas, H S B (Fairbairn), E Edwards, Coad, H B Hurford, E E H, Shadforth, I Desanges (Rome), W M Cousins, W H Reed (Liverpool), Lieut-Colonel Loraine (Brighton), W R B (Plymouth), Columbus, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), P Fernando (Dublin), E P Vulliamy, W Wright, Z Ingold, P J Wallis, J D Tucker (Leeds), J Dixon, B D Knox, R H Brooks, M Burke, and Sorrento (Dawlish).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 244.—By J. P. TAYLOR.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R takes Kt P. Any move.  
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 2447.

By P. G. L. F.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Game played at Ware between Mr. F. N. BRAUND and another AMATEUR. (Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. —)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. —)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	takes Kt; 19. P takes Kt, B takes P; 20. B takes B P, Q to B 3rd, &c.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. P takes P	Q takes P
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	19. K R to K sq	Q to B 2nd
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	20. P to B 4th	
5. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
6. P to B 3rd	P to Kt K 3rd		
7. P to K R 3rd			
Mr. Steinitz prefers Q Kt to Q 2nd, followed by Kt to B sq and Kt to K 3rd.			
8. B to B 2nd	B to Q 2nd	21. B to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th
9. B to K 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	22. Kt to B 2nd	B to B 4th
10. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Q to K 2nd	23. Q takes B	B takes B
11. Q to K 2nd	P to R 3rd	24. Q to K 4th	P takes P
12. P to K R 4th	Kt to K R 2nd	25. Q Kt takes P	R to R 3rd
13. Castles (Q R)	Kt to B sq	26. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
14. Kt to Q Kt 3rd	P to B 4th	27. Q to Kt 7th	P to R 6th
15. B to Q 2nd	P to B 5th	28. Q takes P	P takes P (ch)
16. P to Q 4th	P to Q R 4th		
White has already a difficult game, and this move does not improve matters. Kt to K sq followed by P to Kt 3rd seems a plausible continuation.			
17. Kt to R sq	P to R 5th		
18. P to K 5th	P takes P		
If B takes B P, P takes P; 19. P takes P, B takes P; and if 18. Kt takes P, Kt			

The Bath and Clifton Chess Club played a match in their own rooms on Saturday, Feb. 14, against the well-known Bath Club, when, after a hard-fought struggle, the latter were successful with a score of 7½ against 5½.

A match between the Metropolitan Chess and the London Banks, played at 18, Abchurch-lane, on Feb. 13, resulted in favour of the former by six games to three.

In the winter tournament of the City of London Chess Club there are still three sets of ties undecided, the closeness of the struggle at the finish having been this year unprecedented. The spring tournament is now fairly started with sections which are playing every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and other sections will continue to be added until the end of March.

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NEW LIZARDS.

The exhibition of Simony’s Lizard (*Lacerta Simonyi*), more



than four centuries after it was first mentioned in literature, has proved the truth of what was long held to be a mere “traveller’s tale.” When Messire de Bethencourt had conquered the Canary Islands, which he afterwards held as a fief of the Crown of Castile, two of his chaplains wrote an account of his achievements (which was translated and published in 1872 by the Hakluyt Society). In their description of Ferro they say that lizards were found there “as large as cats, but harmless, although very hideous to look at.” But as no naturalist could procure a specimen, dead or alive, the story was disbelieved. Partial confirmation, however, came when Dr. K. v. Fritsch visited the islands in 1862-3. He writes: “It appears from the questions often put to me by the people of Ferro, as to whether I had seen such animals, that the lizards mentioned by Bethencourt’s chaplains still exist, though they are unknown to zoologists, and are quite different from the lizards on the neighbouring islands.”

Mrs. Stone, whose book was published in 1887, speaks of a legend “that immense lizards were still to be found at the Punta de la Dehesa”; and adds, “Later informants deny it; and as we did not see them, I fear I must leave the matter where I found it, wrapped in obscurity.” But in December 1889 the matter was authoritatively settled, for Dr. Steindachner described the species at a meeting of the Akademie der Wissenschaften in Vienna, and last year two specimens obtained by Canon Tristram during a visit to the Canaries were presented to the Zoological Society by Lord Lilford. One has since died, and the survivor is now in the Reptile House. These lizards came from the rock of Zalmo, at the east end of Ferro, which is only accessible by boats when the sea is smooth. They are said to subsist on crabs, but though these were provided for the new arrivals they were left untouched, and the survivor does well on a diet of raw meat and fish, varied with grapes and bananas. Dr. Steindachner, who has examined several specimens in spirit, says that the length of the male is from 18 in. to 20 in., the female being much smaller. The colour of the back is a dark brownish-grey, with two rows of yellowish-green spots on each side; the under surface is yellowish or greenish-blue, like that of its nearest ally, *Lacerta galloti*, from Tenerife and Madeira. Apart from the interest attaching to a form which has so long eluded search, the animal is remarkable on account of its habitat, which differs from that of all the rest of the order, with the single exception of the leguan of the Galapagos (*Amblyrhynchus cristatus*), which enters the sea and feeds on a kind of seaweed growing on the bottom. Another rare reptile, the Smooth-headed Lizard (*Mabuya homalocephala*), from South Africa, was recently living in the collection. It was a small, slender animal, some six inches long, of which the tail was rather more than one half; colour on upper surface olive-brown, varied with longitudinal streaks, or series of spots, of a darker shade; under surface much lighter, inclining to white. It was sent over by the Rev. R. H. G. Fisk, O.M.Z.S., but died soon after being placed in the Reptile House. Little is known of these lizards, except that they are found in the districts to the north-east of Cape Colony, and that many individuals are often observed in the same locality. When disturbed, they seek concealment among rocks and stones, with the general hue of which their coloration harmonises.

BEYROUT AND DAMASCUS.

The pleasure cruise of the steam-yacht Victoria from London to the Levant, allowing her passengers to visit many ports and towns on the shores of the Mediterranean, and to reach famous places inland, Cairo, Jerusalem, and Damascus being within short journeys from seaports, has been repeatedly noticed. Our Artist, who was enabled to share the enjoyment of that interesting voyage, has contributed many Sketches, which appear from time to time. The port of Beyrout, on the coast of Syria, almost beneath the majestic mountain range of Lebanon, is famed in the history of the Crusades, and has a thriving commerce in these days. The town is flourishing, with a population of sixty thousand, but is not very splendid in its street aspects. The bazaars, though narrow and dirty, are well stocked with diverse wares, and crowded with traffickers or idlers, whose manners are often amusing. Pleasant excursions are made to the neighbouring hills. There is a good road from Beyrout to Damascus, about seventy miles. The name of that very ancient Syrian city—though not so ancient as some of those in Egypt, in Mesopotamia, and in India—has an imposing effect on the common imagination; for is it not mentioned in the story of the Patriarch Abraham, and is it not memorable for the conversion of St. Paul? It is now divided into the Mohammedan, Jewish, and Christian quarters, with a large suburb called Salahiye. The great Mosque, once a Christian church, built on the site of a heathen temple, shows the remains of former sumptuous magnificence, with Corinthian columns and fragments of mosaics. The Greek bazaar, the silk bazaar, the cloth bazaar, that of the confectioners, and that of the goldsmiths are curious and entertaining to European visitors. Many of the people met in the streets are characteristic types of the Oriental world. In the private dwellings of rich bankers and merchants there is much luxury, with floors of inlaid marble, elegant furniture, velvet divans and hangings; the gardens are delightful. The situation of Damascus is in a fertile plain watered by the river Abana, which is divided for irrigation into several canals; orange and lemon groves flourish in the suburbs, and fountains refresh the air in the town.

The Geological Society has awarded the Wollaston medal to Professor Judd. This medal, which dates from 1831, has become the highest honour the society confers. It was given to Buckland, Sedgwick, Murchison, Lyell, and Darwin. Among present possessors are Sir Richard Owen and Professor Huxley.





BAZAAR AT BEYROUT.



DAMASCUS WOMAN.



MERCHANT.



BAZAAR BOY.



DRINK SELLER.

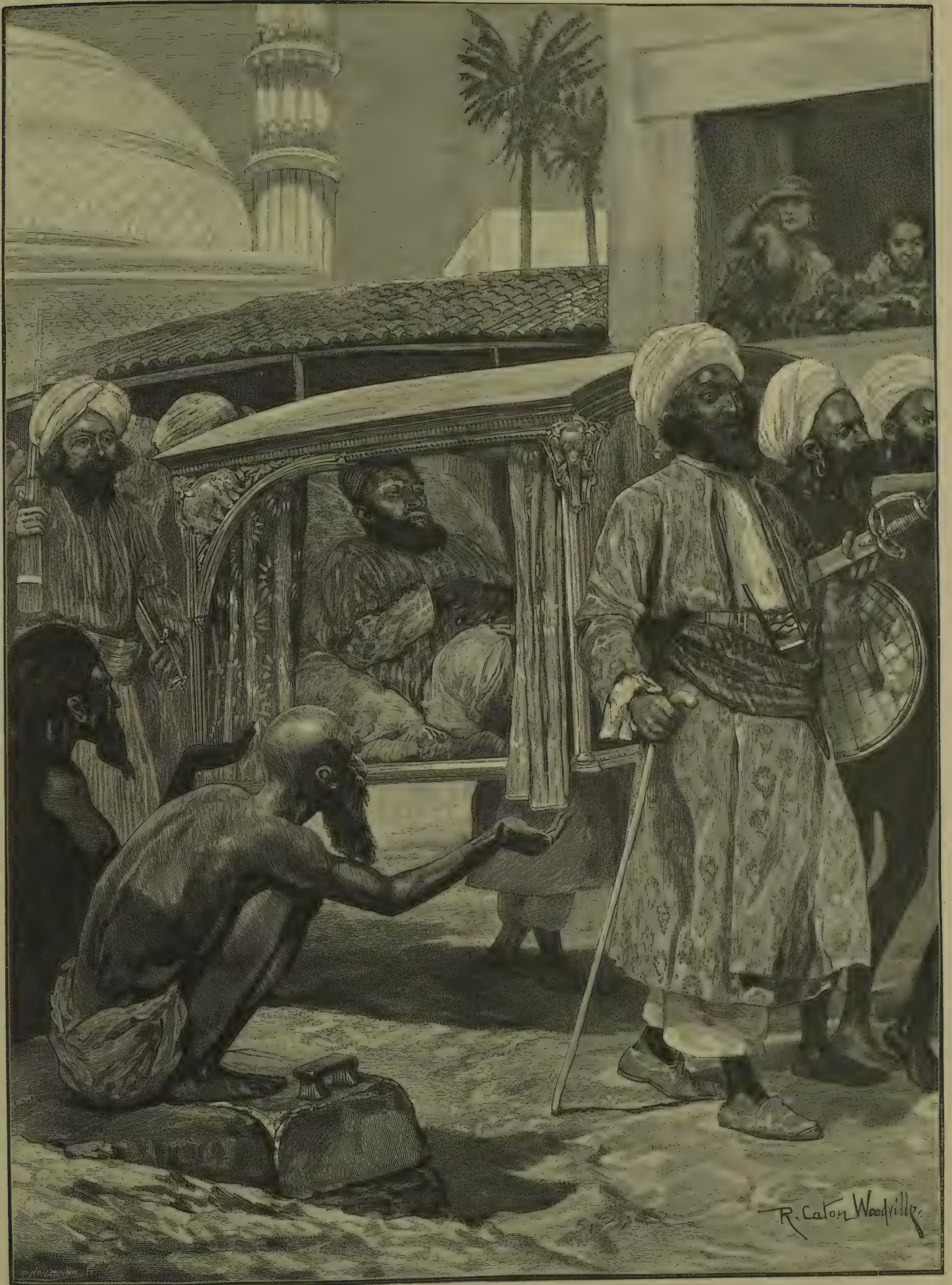


JEWISH WOMAN.



OUR DRAGOMAN EATS RYE CAKE AND HONEY.





RICHES AND POVERTY: A SKETCH IN AN INDIAN BAZAAR.



## LITERATURE.

## MR. JOHN MORLEY AS A CRITIC.

BY RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

*Studies in Literature.* By John Morley. (Macmillan and Co.)—By the general verdict of his political adversaries, and the tacit assent of most of his own party, Mr. Morley is set down as a philosopher and man of letters who has strayed into politics. This view is hard to reconcile with the fact, as it seems to us, that Mr. Morley's success as a man of letters is measured by the nearness of his approach to politics. Preferring no claim to the creative gift, he has hitherto appeared principally as a judge of other men, whether in the capacity of essayist or of biographer. We should decidedly say that his success was in the inverse ratio of the purely literary quality of his theme. His politicians fare best, his philosophers next, his men of insight and imagination worst. The one masterpiece he has given us is the life of a statesman. It would be difficult to match his monograph on Burke, whether for vigour of style, thorough assimilation of subject, or large-hearted liberality. Yet all these qualities are not less undeniably present in his memoir of Walpole, obscured as they may be by the comparative tameness of the subject. When we come to the philosophers, with whom, according to the critics of his public career, Mr. Morley should be most thoroughly at home, we are conscious of a falling off: the portions that dwell in our memory are not his estimates of thoughts, but of things—especially such passages of personal reminiscence as those for which opportunity was given by his intimacy with Stuart Mill. Of his manner of dealing with poets this volume supplies instances in his discussions on Wordsworth and on "The Ring and the Book." Like all Mr. Morley's work, they are dignified, serious, and lucid, and studded with isolated remarks of no inconsiderable value. But no Wordsworthian will allow that a critic who denies point-blank that "an impulse from a vernal wood" can teach anything, can have mastered the rudiments of Wordsworth's gospel; and the Browningite will smile at the notion that the most buoyantly cheerful of poets wrote twenty thousand lines to put down "fatuous optimism." Along with this deficiency in imaginative sympathy is to be noted a corresponding obtuseness of æsthetic perception. The strictly poetical side of the genius of a Wordsworth or a Browning evidently affords Mr. Morley but little pleasure. He does not ignore it, but dwells with distinct preference on their sublunary endowments as thinkers and reasoners, the mortal part which they share with moralists and philanthropists and able editors. On the same principle the deep spirit of humanity which inspires Victor Hugo's "Ninety-three" counts for more with Mr. Morley than the perpetual falsetto of exaggeration which ruins it as a work of art. Such humanity would have been a welcome concomitant of true art: it will not atone for art's absence or its caricature. The artist and poet must stand and fall on their own ground, not upon another's. We fear that this insensitiveness is the index to a defect which must always exclude Mr. Morley from the first rank of writers—the lack of distinction. He is weighty, incisive, judicial, everything that a noble sense of equity and a highly disciplined intelligence can make him; but he has no perfume or music, no visitations of supernal light, little even of Macaulay's faculty of kindling at the contemplation of a great subject, and catching new fire from the revolution of his own wheels. Mr. Morley always succeeds best where such rapture would be out of place, as in his reply, reprinted here, to Sir Henry Maine on Popular Government, which we commend to those who slight him as a politician.

One mistake in a matter of fact may be corrected. Carlyle's manuscript which in 1831, "like an unhappy ghost, still lingered on the wrong side of Styx," was not the History of the French Revolution, but "Sartor Resartus."

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FAVOURITE MUSICIANS.

*The Light of Other Days.* By Willert Beale. Two vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—Personal and professional reminiscences of the past half-century promise to make quite a library of amusing anecdotes; but, in two or three autobiographical memoirs of gentlemen well known in a certain circle of affairs, we find either reproductions or slightly different versions of stories already familiar to readers of special departments of contemporary social history. This is especially to be observed in the lively recollections of those who were, as barristers, artists, actors, public singers, or directors of theatrical and musical entertainments, made acquainted with the characters and habits of such individuals as have by their generally admired talents commanded a large share of popular favour. The business transactions by which they are supported and rewarded have a certain interest for people who like to speculate on the prospects of such costly and elaborate institutions as the Opera, for instance, of which Mr. Mapleson has furnished large financial revelations in the account of his own dealings with Madame Patti and his adventurous American tours. Mr. Willert Beale, though he does not astonish us with such marvellous examples of vast pecuniary engagements and expenditure, supplies much acceptable knowledge of earlier efforts in the business of providing good music for London audiences, to which he and his father, the late Mr. Frederick Beale, contributed beneficially in several ways of importance. Private amateurs, concert-hearers, and frequenters of the opera have owed not a little pleasure and advantage to the agencies connected with that well-known firm in Regent-street, the origin of which, its association with Cramer, the pianist, and its extension in partnership with Mr. William Chappell, are here related. The establishment of the New Philharmonic Society was one of its earliest services.

The foundation of the Royal Italian Opera in Covent-garden, opened under Mr. Frederick Beale's management in March 1847, was an event still remembered with gratification by some whose delight in the performances of Grisi and Alboni, and of Mario, subsequently Grisi's worthy companion in art and in domestic life, has not been excelled by any later acquaintance with the lyric drama. Every writer on the history of the Italian Opera in England has joined in testimonies to the high character of Giulia Grisi and her husband, as well as their truly intellectual study of their glorious

art, and their harmonious mental and physical qualifications for its practice. In the two volumes now before us, a hundred and fifty pages are filled by this agreeable subject; the greater part of this narrative, and the most interesting part of the book, consisting of the married life of Grisi and Mario—a happy, generous, pure and simple life—told by their daughter, Mrs. Godfrey Pearce, with artless and affectionate candour. It must be felt, however, that though Mario, surviving his wife fourteen years, died at Rome in comparative retirement so late as December 1883, his personality seems to adorn a past generation. Other great names—some belonging to perhaps the higher class of composers, as those of Rossini and Meyerbeer, with whom Mr. Willert Beale was well acquainted; also such excellent musicians as Thalberg, whom he accompanied to Vienna, and Sir Julius Benedict, with many favourite vocalists—are here found in connection with anecdotes of a pleasing kind.

## A POPULAR AMERICAN ACTOR.

*Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson.* (T. Fisher Unwin.)—The life of a successful comedian who has travelled all over the world, enjoying social favour and that pleasant kind of fame which arises from the gratification of theatrical audiences in many cities, is apt to be agreeable reading. Mr. Jefferson's great achievement in the dramatic creation of "Rip van Winkle" is well remembered. These reminiscences of a long and active public career, beginning with his earliest infancy, contain much that is amusing. Born at Philadelphia, in February 1829, the third Joseph Jefferson, his father and grandfather, both of the same name, having belonged to the theatrical profession, and his mother being an actress, was initiated from childhood into the histrionic art. His half-brother, Charles Burke, who died at thirty-two, is said to have displayed considerable talent. But the family were poor, and their story has an almost pathetic interest, from the experience of odd shifts and rude experiences in their wanderings about the Western and Southern States. Travelling in 1838 from New York to Chicago, partly by the Erie Canal, thence through Illinois, where a young lawyer at Springfield, named Abraham Lincoln, generously did them a timely service, and down the Mississippi to Memphis and New Orleans, was attended with many discomforts for the Jeffersons, with a purse too often empty of dollars. Where theatricals failed to bring money, or could not be got up for want of it, the father, who was also a scene-painter, would earn something by decorating shops and taverns with examples of pictorial art. Young Joseph, still in his teens, joined a company of actors following the United States army to Texas and Mexico, saw little of the actual warfare, but helped to keep a bar at Matamoras, selling coffee and cakes, incidentally falling in love with a coquettish Mexican maiden. These juvenile adventures are followed by the return of the Jeffersons to Philadelphia in 1846, and by the author's improving engagements; but we know little of the American actors whom he mentions before 1854, when Edwin Forrest is introduced. From that period, during more than twenty years, Jefferson's personal recollections are laid in the course of more widely celebrated theatrical talents and performances. His first visit to London and Paris, in 1856, was rather a holiday trip. Returning to New York, he became leading comedian at Miss Laura Keane's theatre, until circumstances attending the play of "Our American Cousin," rendered famous by Sothern's "Lord Dundreary," caused a separation. Dion Boucicault, not long afterwards, became director of the Winter Garden Theatre in that city; and Jefferson appeared there as Caleb Plummer in "Dot," as Newman Noggs, and as Salem Scudder in "The Octoroon." In 1859, having by this time proved his most congenial vein, that of humour allied with homely pathos, Mr. Jefferson happily turned up Washington Irving's romantic, touching, and humorous story of Rip van Winkle's miraculous resuscitation from ages of slumber. Studying and improving the previous attempts to dramatise the original tale, he had the assistance of Boucicault in adapting it to the stage. This was the grand success of his life; and upon this performance alone, the creation of one thoroughly good dramatic effect, his reputation deservedly stands. Other portions of his narrative, and some of his comments on the practice of his art, seem to us worthy of perusal. His prolonged sojourn in Australia and South America, from 1861 to 1865, made him acquainted with colonial and foreign life in a variety of phases. Then we have him again in London, attached to Webster's company at the Adelphi; and there is a third visit to Europe ten years later. But it is chiefly at New York and Boston, along with those well-known London actors who have added to their fortunes by performing in America, and with those of American breeding who have gained a ready welcome in Europe, that the latter part of Mr. Jefferson's narrative is laid. The volume is adorned with sixty portraits.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has practically settled that the title of her new book shall be "David." Two volumes have been completed, and had it not been for the heavy correspondence entailed by University Hall the third would have been ready. Mrs. Ward has refused the most tempting offers from American syndicates for the rights of publication.

Mr. George Meredith's admirers will be interested to learn that there is to be yet another novel from his pen before the long-expected "Journalist." In that same story, "The Journalist," by the way, there will be well-defined portraits, not only of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, as was long since announced, but of Mr. John Morley, Mr. Stead, and Mr. H. D. Traill.

Mr. Alfred Webb, the ex-Quaker member of the Irish Parliamentary Party, has not distinguished himself in the House; but as a journalist he takes a high position, and, both in the New York *Nation* and in a leading English provincial daily, has written much on the Irish question. He has literary interests besides, and published last year a most interesting series of letters, written by the ill-fated Harriet Westbrook in her early married life. These were rightly said to show nobility of mind and rich intellectual force, and it is to be regretted that Professor Dowden does not allude to them in his admirable introduction to the new one-volume Shelley, more especially as he records the sad facts of Harriet's ultimate degradation.

The new edition, just published, of Mr. Croake James's legal anecdotes, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers" (Sampson Low), may set many people wondering who reads anecdote books. Not that lawyers' anecdotes are (*pace*, Mr. Andrew Lang!) generally more "shoppy" than those of soldiers, sailors, doctors, and parsons. It is Thackeray, we think, who has a tale about a lawyer who, during the long vacation, meets another on the Andes, and "I see you got your rule in that case" is the greeting. Yet, on the whole, the talk of clever lawyers, who are also men of the world, and not merely law-books in breeches, is not more dull than the conversation of other people.

But in collections of anecdotes we have page after page of mental fireworks. Who is sufficient for such things? To read thus is like a surfeit of sweets. The Scotch divine who joked with "defeculty" is not the only person who would dread having to feed on Joe Miller. The way to enjoy anecdotes is to have them in sandwiches of discussion, or quotation, on either side. This makes Rogers's "Table Talk," now rare, and Mr. Locker-Lampson's "Patchwork," now rarer though more recent, such delightful books.

Mr. Smalley, in his "London Letters," apropos of Hayward, discourses on "Anecdoteage." That famous talker is quoted to prove that a tale must be "cut to the bone," or, in other words, cut short. In these hurried times a man, even in his leisure, can no longer "fold his legs and have out his talk," *ab ore usque ad mala*. The sort of tale, then, to tell nowadays is one which may or may not be in this new legal collection, but which had to be often told by its exclusive proprietor on the Northern Circuit: "A man having stolen a fish, one seeing him carry it away, half under his coat, said, 'Friend, when next you steal take a shorter fish, or wear a longer coat.'"

The three volumes of "London, Past and Present" which Mr. Murray has long announced, and at length published, are in some respects disappointing. They represent a lot of work by Peter Cunningham, Mr. H. B. Wheatley, and other eminent hands. Some of the articles, such as that on White's Club, alias "Arthur's" (albeit it misses, or perhaps suppresses, one most amusing allusion in Walpole's letters), are very interesting. But other articles are not quite up to date, and some are too meagre. The history of the Law Courts at Westminster is very imperfectly told. This topic, and indeed the history of the Hall itself, might have been better treated by a fuller use of such well-known authorities as Brayley and the late Edward Foss's learned paper on Westminster Hall, read before the Archaeological Institute twenty-five years ago. But the great defect of these three volumes, interesting as they are, is that they are only an alphabetical treatment of buildings and places. This method is suited to Mr. Laurence Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of London" or Thorne's "Environ's of London," but a real history of London, while diligently going from A to Z, must also give some general account of life there. Who can learn from these three volumes what the streets of London were like in any former age, or how its population, wealth, and houses grew and men migrated, or how London was built, or burnt, or cleansed, drained, or kept in civil order, or what were the amusements of its citizens? These and a hundred other things which make up London life are ignored, or only incidentally noticed, in this work. The writer, when he is found, of a real history of London has, indeed, a gigantic task before him.

The oddest feature of that counter-blast against Socialism "A Plea for Liberty" is the attack on Free Libraries. The writer, Mr. M. D. O'Brien, says that the working-man who uses a Free Library is dishonest, because he ought to have waited till he could buy the books he wants to read instead of availing himself of a tax on the community. It would be just as rational to say that an artisan ought to wait till he can afford to live in a house with a bath-room instead of using the public baths provided for out of the rates. Does Mr. O'Brien condescend to use the British Museum, or does he wait till he can buy the book he needs? Socialism in its extreme form is Utopian, but it is cold common-sense compared with the absurdities of some of its antagonists.

One of the most charming books that have issued from the press is the first volume of the "Transactions of the Guild and School of Handicraft," edited by Mr. C. R. Ashbee. There is a lucid and interesting account by the editor of the origin of the movement, which was projected with the object of giving young journeymen "some idea of design in its application to the industry in which they are engaged." The remaining contents consist of lectures delivered to the school by various masters, accompanied by tasteful illustrations. The practical character of the Guild is sufficiently attested by this record, and the printing of the volume alone should commend it to lovers of artistic work.

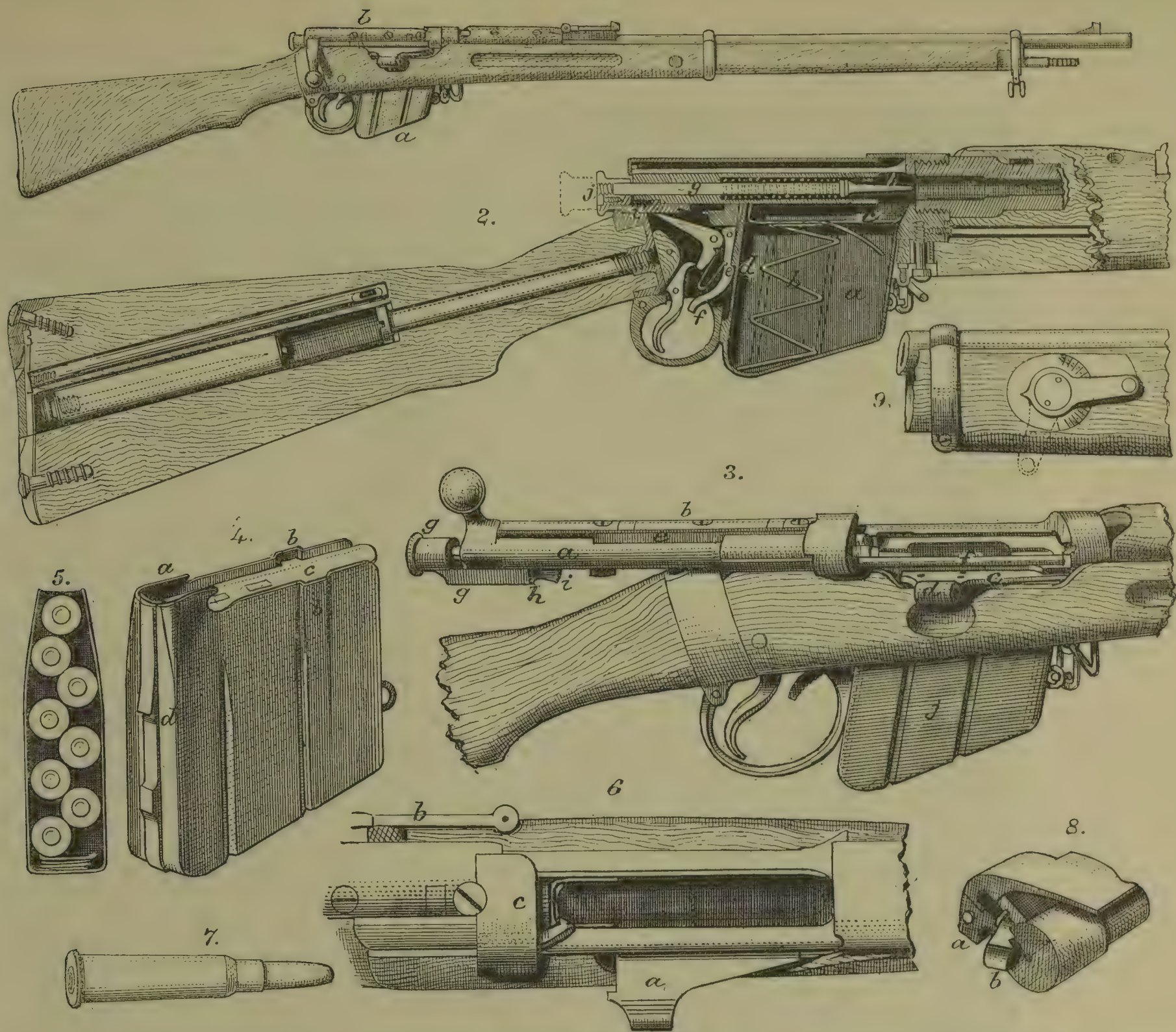
The great question of book discount, which was pretty well threshed out last year, has come up again. The Booksellers' Society has been dealing with the old grievance anent drapers and others underselling the legitimate booksellers by issuing books at impossible prices. The leading London publishers, with the exception of Messrs. Cassell and Co., have promised that inquiries shall be made into any reported case of underselling, and that, if proved, they will refuse to supply the offender with further goods. Apparently the public are to have their 25 per cent., but no more, and this will not apply to sixpenny magazines, for the Booksellers and Newsagents' Union, which chiefly concerns itself with the interests of the newsagents, is making a great effort to persuade the trade to sell sixpenny publications at the full price instead of at the present ruinous (to them) rate of fourpence-halfpenny.

The *Australian Critic* (the colonial equivalent of our *Athenæum*), in a review of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Songs of a Savoyard," makes some startling suggestions. Bemoaning the rift between Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, and lamenting the poorness of the ordinary libretto, it proposes as an improvement on the present state of things that authors of light and leading should combine to produce a libretto worthy of a good score. This ideal comic opera would be written by Mr. A. W. Pinero, "lyriced" by Mr. F. C. Burnand, and, if these two gentlemen could not come to terms, the *Australian Critic* proposes that Mr. Rudyard Kipling, "who can write excellent verse, excellent prose, and excellent dialogue," should write the libretto to Mr. Alfred Cellier's music. The firm of Kipling and Cellier might become as popular as Gilbert and Sullivan.

Edouard Drumont is correcting the proofs of "Le Testament d'un Antisémita," which many of his literary confrères hope will be his last word on the Jewish question. "La France Juive" is still selling: strangely enough, more copies were sold in Russia than in all the other foreign countries put together, and, had he cared to do so, the author might have followed it up with "La Russie Juive." Materials of every kind had been supplied, and Drumont had actually begun the preliminary work, when he received a salutary hint that the Russian Censor had made up his mind rigorously to condemn and pursue the book. "Le Testament d'un Antisémita" will appear early in March.

M. Georges Duval has just read to the assembled actors and actresses of the Paris Odéon an adaptation, in three acts, of Sheridan's "Rivals," which will be played this spring, and take its place, next year, in that theatre's classical repertory. At the Théâtre Français M. Jules Lemaitre's "Mariage Blanc" is being actively rehearsed, and will be acted in public for the first time on March 15. M. Lemaitre is, next to Francisque Sarcey, the best-known literary and dramatic critic in Paris, and considerable curiosity is felt about his new departure.





1. Side view of the Magazine Rifle: *a*, magazine; *b*, bolt, partly covered by dust-guard.

2. Section of the Magazine Rifle: *a*, magazine; *b*, spring; *c*, platform or false bottom; *d*, dent and catch *e*, which hold the magazine in place; *f*, small trigger, by which the catch *e* is removed from the dent, in order to release the magazine when empty, and to refill it; *g*, striker; *h*, needle; *i*, cocking-piece: this has a milled head—*j*—which can be pulled back, as shown by the dotted lines, in order to recock the rifle. By this operation it is first set at half-cock, and then at full cock. On the other side of the stock, as seen in this section, and close to the cocking-piece, is a small safety catch or bolt, that can be set in the path of the cocking-piece by turning a small handle.

3. View of essential parts: *a*, bolt; *b*, dust-guard; *c*, "cut off," a plate,

when pushed in, partly covers the mouth of the magazine. The "cut off" is pivoted near its front end, and provided with a thumb-piece, *d*. This "cut off," when the magazine is out of action, prevents the cartridges from rising, and forms a bed for the cartridges to be laid on by hand. The plate being drawn out leaves a clear opening for the cartridges to rise from below. *e*, long rib, which prevents the bolt being rotated until it is nearly home; *f*, undercut rail-guide, for backward and forward movement of head of bolt; *g*, cocking-piece; *h*, half bent; *i*, full bent; *j*, magazine.

4. The Magazine: *a*, turned-in lips, to prevent the cartridges being shot out by the spring; *b*, guides for platform; *c*, platform, with hollowed surface, forming a bed for the cartridge; *d*, dent by which the magazine is held in place by the catch.

5. End view of the magazine, opened to show the manner in which the

cartridges are packed; the platform and spring are seen to be pressed to the bottom by the cartridges.

6. View from above (bolt drawn back) into the magazine, which is empty of cartridges: *a*, "cut off"; *b*, part of safety-catch; *c*, head of bolt.

7. Cartridge, three and one tenth inches long.

8. Head of the bolt (this does not rotate): *a*, lip, which takes round an undercut rail on the right-hand side of the rifle breech; *b*, extractor, a hook set in a slot (it is pivoted on a small screw, and is pressed down by a spring, so that it may always catch over the rim of the cartridge).

9. Dial sight, showing the pointer "on" and dotted "off." This dial sight is on the same side of the rifle as the safety bolt, but in front of the back-sight.

#### THE NEW MAGAZINE RIFLE SUPPLIED TO THE BRITISH ARMY.

##### THE NEW MAGAZINE RIFLE.

The observations of Mr. Marjoribanks and Mr. Hanbury, and the explanations of Mr. E. Stanhope, the Secretary of State for War, in the House of Commons on Feb. 19, referred to a discussion going on for some time past upon the merits of this weapon, vast numbers of which are now being manufactured and issued to the Army. Objections have been stated with regard to the form of the magazine, the two methods of loading, the small bore, requiring a bullet with a metal case, and the rifling of the barrel, which is said to be fit only for a plain leaden bullet, as well as the costliness of this rifle, the contract price being £5 10s., and the difficulty of repairing its complex mechanism. We can express no opinion, these being technical questions for experts; but, while the Adjutant-General of the Army confidently believes that the original pattern, distinguished as "Mark I," is a "good useful military weapon," the War Office has ordered further experiments with a later pattern, "Mark II," which is expected to prove "a thoroughly satisfactory arm in every way." If a new pattern, however, were now to be adopted, it would be three or four years before it could be issued to the troops. The expense already incurred is over a million sterling.

The magazine rifle, which has been so much criticised, was officially recommended by the Director-General of Artillery on the report of the Small Arms Committee: its magazine and its breech action were the inventions of an American, Mr. Lee. The magazine is an upright steel box, inserted from below, the upper part held in a slot, in the body of the stock, by a spring in front of the trigger-guard; and containing eight cartridges, which rest on a movable platform that is raised by a spiral spring at the bottom of the magazine. The uppermost cartridge is caught at its top by the lower edge of the "bolt," which is moved backwards or forwards, by its handle, along the line of the barrel, and the end or head of which, when forward, fits into the opening of the barrel, closing it as a breech block, and is then locked, in that position, by a slight rotatory movement bringing its rib

behind a projection in the stock. The head of the bolt is furnished with a spring hook, called the "extractor," which catches the rim of the cartridge when this is driven home by the explosion, and serves, by a combined rotatory and backward movement, to withdraw the empty cartridge-case after firing. The bolt is a hollow tube, through which runs the "striker," with a needle at its forward end to ignite the cartridge-cap by percussion; the striker is a spindle driven by the mainspring which surrounds it inside the bolt.

The magazine, of sheet steel, weighs 4½ oz. when empty; it can be filled, either when in position on the rifle, or when detached, by inserting the eight cartridges one by one. A soldier will carry a spare magazine, filled if necessary, in a small pouch he wears; the one attached to the rifle is secured from loss, in removing it, by a chain link.

The barrel of the rifle is 2 ft. 6½ in. long, with a bore of .303 in. calibre, rifled on the Metford principle, with seven grooves having a spiral of one turn in ten inches, the grooves .004 of an inch deep. It is fitted with a fore-sight and back-sight, invented by Major Lewes, of the Northampton Regiment; the fore-sight is a square block, with a fine vertical line of light cut through it, and this, in taking aim, exactly corresponds with a square notch in the back-sight. It is graduated up to 1900 yards, beyond which there are extreme range sights, up to 3500 yards, the front sight having a dial, with a revolving index hand and bead, to be set according to the required distance, for aligning the bead through a circular aperture in the back-sight.

The service-cartridge in temporary use, weighing one ounce, consists of a solid drawn brass case, slightly tapering towards the point, containing a pellet of seventy grains of compressed powder, with a hole through its centre to aid ignition, and a cylindrical bullet, which weighs 217 grains; the bullet has a core of lead, strengthened with antimony, in a cover or thimble made of copper and nickel. This cartridge gives a muzzle velocity of 1850 ft. per second, but it is expected to

produce one that will attain 2250 ft. velocity, for which the sighting of the rifle is intended.

The weight of the rifle, with magazine, cleaning-rod, jag, and oil-bottle, is 9 lb. 6 oz.; it is nearly 4 ft. 2 in. long, and carries a double-edged sword-bayonet, 12 in. long, fixed under the barrel.

In the proposed "Mark II." pattern, some parts of the mechanism are altered; the magazine is widened to hold ten cartridges, and the dust-guard cover of the bolt, and the extra long-range sights, are omitted.

Lord Randolph Churchill does not propose to take any active part in the business of the remainder of the Session. He will be absent from London during a considerable portion of it.

The remains of Colonel Richard Dyott, who for fifteen years represented Lichfield in Parliament, and who died on Feb. 13, were interred in the family vault under St. Mary's Church, Lichfield, on the night of Feb. 19. Since the time of the Commonwealth it has been the custom of the family to bury their dead at night. Accordingly the hearse containing the coffin was attended by about twenty torch-bearers, and at a late hour the cortege started from Freeford Hall at a slow pace, the funeral party moving through the city, the streets of which were crowded. It is estimated that something like fifteen thousand people witnessed the mournful procession. Arriving at the church, the hearse was met by the mayor and corporation, who attended in state, headed by the town crier and the mace-bearers. The funeral service was read by the Ven. Archdeacon Scott, and during the ceremony a scene of wild excitement prevailed. Directly the coffin was conveyed into the church there was a rush by some thousands to gain admittance. Some forty members of the county police force made an endeavour to keep back the surging crowd, and for some time intense excitement prevailed. Eventually the doors of the edifice were closed in order to prevent the place being stormed. It was long after midnight ere the crowd dispersed.





PRISON LIFE IN SIBERIA: THE GOVERNOR VISITING THE MEN'S PRISON AT YENISEISK.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICH.



## PRISONERS AND EXILES IN SIBERIA.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, whose Sketches and narrative of the voyage of the steamer Biscaya from the Thames to Siberia, the subsequent voyage up the Yenisei in the river steam-boat Phoenix, and his sojourn at the town of Yeniseisk, the thriving centre of a gold-mining district, have attracted some notice, described, in his letter published last week, the actual condition of the prisons at Yeniseisk for ordinary Russian criminals, men and women, in the treatment of whom, though some laxity of prison discipline may be inferred from his statements, no extraordinary hardships were revealed. It is probable that much depends on the character of the local officials and the jailers; we know, from the proved experience of the system formerly existing in British convict establishments at Norfolk Island, at Port Arthur, in Van Diemen's Land, and other Australian penal stations, that very great abuses may be practised where the custody of criminals, in places so remote from the central Government, is entrusted to a few persons over whose conduct there is no perpetual direct supervision. In a province of such vast extent and scanty habitation as those of Eastern Siberia, the occasional tour of inspection performed by the Governor can scarcely be relied upon to prevent the possibility of some cases of gross injustice and cruelty; but there is reason to believe that they have been greatly exaggerated in circumstantial stories emanating from political enemies of the Russian Empire, communicating with newspaper correspondents at Paris and in America. Our Artist's Sketch of the scene in the men's prison at Yeniseisk when it was visited by the Governor can prove nothing more than that the Governor does sometimes inspect the prisons; but his Excellency, General Telakoffski, is charged with the administrative rule of a province much larger than any European Kingdom, and several thousand miles distant from St. Petersburg, to which he must refer for the amendment of any defects in the management of the penal institutions. It may well be considered, therefore, whether the abuses really existing in some of these establishments in Siberia are not the inevitable consequences of a rigid system of official centralisation all over the Russian Empire, instead of being due to any deliberate inhumanity in the minds of its rulers. Cruelty is not a characteristic vice of the Russian nation, or of any rank or class; but corruption among the lower order of persons in the Government service is probably difficult to check in the absence of local "Visiting Justices" or frequent inspection by trustworthy officers, as in the prisons of most countries in Europe. These remarks, however, do not apply to the condition of the majority of political exiles in Siberia, those who are not confined in prisons or set to compulsory work in the mines, but are simply obliged to reside in particular districts. With respect to such exiles, Mr. Julius Price writes as follows, in a tone which is not unsympathetic:—

"In the case of a well-connected and educated man being sent from, say, Moscow or Petersburg, or some other important city in Russia, for a long period to some remote Siberian village, the punishment must be a severe one. From the little I have seen of these villages on our way up the river, I can imagine no fate more dreadful than to be shut up alone in one of them, among a lot of unsympathetic and ignorant peasants, with no books to read, and entirely out of touch and hearing of the civilised world. Better almost to be buried alive! When, however, instead of to an out-of-the-way village, he is consigned to a biggish town like Yeniseisk or Krasnoyarsk, his fate is certainly not so hard. He is allowed to live how and where he pleases; if he has money of his own he is permitted to receive it; and if he is a sociable man he will soon find that he is not treated as an outcast, even by the officials, who, at any rate at Yeniseisk, are, I hear, the very embodiment of courtesy and politeness, though I believe it to be the same all over Siberia; and he will probably soon settle down to his new life, and, as is often the case when the sentence is not a 'life' one, he will eventually decide to remain in a country which, though doubtless not all *couleur de rose*, is certainly not all black. Of course, however, there are, and always will be, men who, though only of ordinary attainments, imagine themselves sent by Heaven to make martyrs of themselves for the sake of their country for a cause which, in many cases, they have never taken the trouble to study *à fond*. Whether it is a form of conceit or real conviction I am unable to tell. There are a few of this sort here. One of them, M. X., an evidently well-educated man of about forty, was sent to Siberia for five years, two out of which he passed in a village, the rest in Yeniseisk. His time is up next year, when he will be allowed to return to Russia again, but not to live in a University town. His wife accompanied him into exile. I met them out one evening at a friend's house, and had a long and interesting talk with both of them, as I was anxious to learn something of his experiences. I could not help remarking to Madame that after what her husband had undergone he would, doubtless, on his return to Russia not meddle with politics again. To my astonishment, she replied, 'Nisnaia?' (Who can tell?) 'What?' said I, 'is not once sufficient to come to Siberia?' But she shook her head, and answered, 'It is very difficult to remain silent when one sees the state of things in Russia, and one knows how very different it is in other countries. If no one takes the initiative, it will never be changed.' We were on delicate ground, so I thought it best to change the subject, as one can never tell who may be listening. Moreover, politics are not in my line. However, I managed later on to have a further chat with M. X. on the subject, and he corroborated the words of his wife, in spite of my asking him if he had not had enough of it already in Siberia, for if he were again caught tripping he would doubtless not get off so easily, but, in all probability, be sent to the mines. 'Surovno!' (It is all the same to me!) was his characteristic reply. The idea that they are wasting their lives on a cause which is not yet nearly ripe, and which, for the moment, only time can help, never seems to occur to these men, who plod away cheerfully into Siberia with the firm conviction that they are making martyrs of themselves in the cause of liberty, whereas, in reality, they are only helping to colonise this vast continent."

The British East Africa Company is endeavouring to enlist in its service some of the graduates of the Royal Canadian Military College at Kingston. The company, no doubt, remembers that Lieutenant Stairs, who took so prominent a part in Mr. Stanley's last expedition, was a graduate at Kingston, and that high British military authorities have declared the training at the Canadian institution to be equal even to that at Sandhurst.

Patriotic Canadians—and their name is legion, despite Mr. Farrer and his pamphlet—will have much to think of in the way of celebrations next year. It is the 26th anniversary of the Canadian Confederation, the 15th anniversary of the establishment of responsible government in the country, the 100th anniversary of the convocation of the first Parliaments of Upper and Lower Canada, the 250th anniversary of the founding of Montreal, and the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. How fittingly to celebrate this conjunction of great events is a problem which even electoral fights cannot quite drive out of the Canadian mind.

## THE WOMANLY PART IN POLITICS.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

The visit of the Empress Frederick to Paris has been the grand subject of discourse in every European capital for days past. Why should she go? When was her going resolved upon? After what other incident, perhaps? At whose suggestion, if not her own, did she go? What was the real purpose of the visit? What is likely to be the effect here and the consequence there? With such questions as these the whole wit of man has been exercised wherever politics is a profession or an amusement. There have been plenty of answers, and in great variety; but we do not thump the tub political in this column, and have nothing to say to any of the afore-mentioned guesses at truth, except one. That one may be a fantasy more complete than any of the others, but there is none so pleasant to contemplate. It is impossible not to wish it true for the sake of its own *beaux yeux* alone.

Simply an attempt to soften the relations of the two peoples, French and German; the venture of a Princess who, with no promptings from Cabinets, no mission of high intrigue, no alliance-reconstruction schemes sewn in the Royal slippers, simply plucks an olive-branch from her own garden and goes to see whether there is no welcome for such a thing in the hearts of a hostile people. This was the first explanation of the Empress's visit to Paris, and it is the one that was most pleasant to believe in.

Of course women are not to be denied admission to the employments of Statecraft. In point of fact, there was never a time in any nation when they did not so employ themselves; and it happens that, precisely where women are most deplorably "the toys of man," they exercise the greatest influence in public affairs. Look to the East for the truth of that statement. There it is the wife, the bought favourite, above all the Queen-mother (who was, perhaps, herself a purchase or a gift), whose whisperings most often became Orders of Council or State decrees. Why, then, the more noble and enlightened Queen-mother of the West should not take part in its diplomacies cannot be explained; and supposing that the German Empress's excursion to Paris was not an errand of her own devising, but had to do with moves or counter-moves determined on in high State councils, there's nothing to be said against that, if the moves were only wise.

Still, it is pleasanter to think of the visit as quite without such promptings, though of course it could not have been made without sanction asked and obtained. It would be almost ideally good if it came about in this wise. The widowed Empress says to herself, "The overburdened people in the Germany I married when I became the wife of the noblest Prince in Christendom, they and these angry French must remain enemies; but there is no need that they should be so with an excess of rancour on either side. Undoubtedly the humiliations of conquest have been deepened and exasperated by a frequent display of contempt—contempt sometimes accompanied (if the truth must be acknowledged) by the cracking of a dog-whip. Whether the end is to be speedy war or prolonged peace, it would be well to do away with some of this rancour; and, if a beginning is to be made, it must be made from the conqueror's side. It is true that as a daughter of England I may be little more welcome in France than as a German Princess; but here's for that fair land and its fiery capital, to see if something cannot be done to soothe the passionate hatred which never can be soothed by scornfully looking on."

For the sake of peace itself, and equally for the honour of womanhood, we should prefer that the Empress's visit to Paris had this origin rather than any other. At all times, and everywhere, the true business of women in politics should be to tranquillise—to "make for peace." That does not mean the abnegation of patriotism. To this day the noblest women are those who, grieve as they may, murmur not when their husbands and sons go out to take the risk of pain and death for their country's sake. The woman's assent to the call of honour and duty in the man is not the same thing as mingling in the irritations and exasperations which men do permit themselves to engage upon in international quarrel or domestic conflict. It is not even enough that women should take no share in that kind of strife, to which, when they do plunge into it, they commonly impart a new and peculiar bitterness. Their care should be to moderate the intemperance of political conflict over this and that; and it is only when they refuse to listen to their natural instincts (despising them, as many women seem to think it a lofty, emancipating thing to do) that they abandon a rôle which is needed for one that isn't. Four fifths of the political activity we rejoice in is mere clamour, and the clamour of ignorant excitement; exactly corresponding to the fury that impelled the casual visitor to Donnybrook at fair-time to throw off his coat and go shrieking into the fray. If it be true, as no doubt it is, that women in these days have a wider intelligence, a firmer and more instructed intellect, than their grandmothers could boast, they can put their superiority to far better use than by adding to the shrieking and the fighting. No reinforcement is needed there, and no further exasperations. There is one nation in Europe where for several generations women have taken a closer, a more eager, a more active and intelligent part in politics than in any other; and it is there that party warfare is most passionate and vindictive. France is that country, a nation where differences of opinion create divisions of extreme malignancy. It would be too much to say that this is all because French women do enter more freely than English women or German women into the warfare of political partisanship; but that politics would be less rancorous in France if the women had less to do with them, and if they more often played the womanly part of assuaging an intemperance which is as often as not artificial, cannot be doubted much. Yet in our own country there seems to be a considerable number of people who have no fear of introducing a similar addition of discord into social life. There must be Female Suffrage—invitations to women to come into the Political Arena, which is crowded enough, to add their shrill voices to a clamour which is noisy enough: addition to the elements of strife, subtraction from the influences of social conciliation.

## MUSIC, NEW AND OLD.

A bundle of music from Novello's is always delightful to turn over. There are sure to be reprints of good old composers, and there is always the exciting chance of finding some good new composer of whom one has never heard before. That is a tantalising, an often deluded hope, certainly; but it is a hope that perseveres in a difficult existence. We have discovered no new master among the people, known and unknown, whose music lies before us to-day; but we are glad to see the first number of a magazine which is to do what it can towards "stimulating a renewed regard" for the half-forgotten masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when English music really existed. The idea of the *Early English Magazine* (which is not, we should say, published by Novello, but by Sampson Low and Co., for the proprietors) is excellent, and an excellent start has been made. There are articles on Purcell, Lawes, "Old Time Music in England," Chinese music, &c.—articles which are not brilliant, but decidedly instructive; and as for the really important part of the scheme, the reprinting of unfamiliar and inaccessible compositions, that needs no praise of ours, but requires a hearty welcome, when the music we get is that of Purcell, Lawes, and the delightful anonymous song-writers.

The two reprints of Messrs. Novello that we have before us are "Ten Canzonets by Haydn" and "Twelve Songs by Purcell." The Haydn volume contains, of course, the well-known song "My mother bids me bind my hair," and such pieces as "Despair" and "The Spirit Song," which are only less beautiful than that. Anyone turning over these pages will see, and some people will no doubt be surprised to see, that it was not left for Schumann and Schubert to find out the way to write sympathetically emotional songs. Haydn's music is, in a sense, old-fashioned at the present day, like his peruke and his lace ruffles; but it is curious to see how little fashion has to do with the emotion which beats in that smooth, formal music. Purcell is more definitely of another age; but the charm of his work has no more faded than the charm of that slightly earlier poetic work—the poetry of Carew, for instance—with which, rather than with the quite contemporary work of Pope and Dryden, his music seems to have kinship. Such exquisite things as the "Knotting Song," for instance, have just the blithe, select, dainty qualities of that Elizabethan aftermath which produced the courtly poets. They have limpid charm, gracious measure, a natural, an unstrained sweetness, a sweet serious grace.

Coming down to the present, we find ourselves in a very different atmosphere. Mr. H. J. King, an Australian musician who composed the cantata for the inauguration of the Melbourne Centennial International Exhibition of 1888, has published a setting of the Church services which, without being specially remarkable, is a sound piece of work, rather on the better side of the commonplace. More interesting, because more original, is the work of Mr. H. J. Edwards, Mus. Doc., the composer of a cantata on the Ascension. He has brought out another on the subject of the Epiphany. Mr. Edwards is a musician of considerable learning, and he has produced a musicianly piece of work. One does not, it is true, feel the shock of new ideas, the surprise of new melodies; but there is a certain freedom and richness in the harmony, a refreshing absence of what is hackneyed and commonplace. As is often the case with sacred cantatas, there is a mixture of what may be called typical Church music with music which has no particular ecclesiastical tinge. The most charming number in the cantata—the tenor solo near the beginning of Part II.—might as well have been found in an opera as in sacred precincts, and is so much the better for that. There is a certain sweet monotony about it, with—for once—a touch of acute melody.

"The Water-Sprite's Revenge," a cantata for female voices, by the Bohemian composer Karel Bendl, is a very striking little work—a romantic ballad-story treated romantically, in music that has the sound and stir of the waves. The accompaniment is particularly effective, always sympathetic, always vivid and spirited, sometimes really impressive. Karel Bendl, however, though he may do well to be under the influence of Wagner, should not imitate him so closely as he does in the last four bars of page 10 (repeated on the next page and on page 15). The strain—which is brought into great prominence by its position—is almost identical with one which occurs in the "Flying Dutchman," in the chorus of girls who call to the dead sailors of the phantom ship.

Mr. Gilbert R. Betjemann's "ballad for chorus and orchestra," "The Song of the Western Men," is a setting of a poem by the Rev. R. S. Hawker, embodying the famous old Cornish refrain, still so often heard in Cornwall—

And shall Trelawny die?  
And shall Trelawny die?

Then twenty thousand Cornishmen shall know the reason why.

The subject should have been an inspiring one, but Mr. Betjemann has not made the most of it. His music has an air of over-effort, as if he had exerted himself beyond his strength. There is much noise, and a certain amount of harmony. But it is somewhat diffuse and inexpressive.

"Ten Violin Pieces," by Josef Nesvera (Op. 48), is a pleasant collection of "Eklogen," which, without being showy, are quietly effective. No. 3, Allegretto, is really quaint and pretty; No. 5, Andante Capriccioso, has the charm of a sentiment which does not degenerate into sentimentality; No. 7, Allegro, though rather tinkling, is pretty and agreeable. "Eight Pieces for the Pianoforte," by Anton Strelezki (Op. 47), is a book of graceful drawing-room compositions. Some of them, such as the "Mélodie," are very slight, and do not possess enough of any quality to make that slightness a charm. "In the Meadows" is spirited, if just a trifle tawdry, and is likely to be appreciated in not too musical drawing-rooms. The "Notturmo" will please an audience of just one stage higher. The "Valse-Impromptu"—rather splashy—has the advantage of a really attractive waltz tune. The one unconventional number of the series—a charming little piece—is the significantly named "Miniature."

A Bill which has been read the second time in the House of Commons at the instance of Mr. F. S. Powell, M.P., enables urban authorities to provide gymnasiums, with all the apparatus ordinarily used therewith, and museums for the reception of local antiquities or other objects of interests. The provisions of the Bill will not take effect until they have been adopted by resolution of the urban authority after strict notice.

The Smithsonian Institute in the United States is about to issue a publication of exceptional interest to all students of natural history. It is a description of an expedition made a short time ago under its direction to Funk Island, off the coast of Newfoundland, which was the last retreat of the now-extinct great auk. This inhospitable spot seems to have always been the chief breeding-place of the great auk, but the two busy days which were employed in exhuming thousands of bones failed to unearth one entire specimen. About a dozen skeletons were found including every part of the bird, but the complete skeleton of one single bird could not be discovered.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Those of my readers who take an interest in the discussions which seem to occupy biologists to a marked degree will remember that some time ago Dr. Weismann attacked the old Lamarckian doctrine which held that the variations of individual animals could be, and usually were, transmitted to their descendants. The giraffe's neck, composed as it is of only seven vertebrae, was regarded by Lamarck as having originated from the long-continued attempts of an originally short-necked race of quadrupeds to reach the higher foliage of trees, the lower leaves, it might be presumed, having perished through drought and hot seasons. The Darwinian school of naturalists object entirely to the Lamarckian ideas that an animal can hand on to its descendants the alterations of structure it may acquire. Suppose a bird to acquire additional wing-power, bigger wings, larger bones, and stronger muscles, Darwinians of pure type hold that these modifications will not appear in the progeny of the bird. Its young will have to begin their career just where their parent began its career—although this idea involves an absurdity, inasmuch as if the parent had begun exactly where its parents commenced it could hardly have developed its bigger wings at all. When the bird-race alters and varies, say the Darwinians, it can only be through "the accumulation of numerous minute and fortuitous variations." Such of these variations as may be favourable to the species will be preserved. Nature will "select" the favoured individuals to continue the species, and, after long ages, the race will improve by the operation of the thousand small and insignificant variations becoming part and parcel of the birds' constitution. In a word, it is congenital and not acquired variations which Darwinians say are handed on and downwards to progeny.

Now, though Darwinism is a name to conjure with, it is also true that the disciples of the great master in biology have not had things all their own way in this matter of inheritance. A Neo-Lamarckian school of naturalists opposes the pure Darwinists, and, indeed, it is by no means an assured fact that Darwin himself objected to the idea that acquired habits and variations could be transmitted to offspring. On the contrary, I could quote from his own works many examples highly illustrative of that process; and Mr. Spencer himself is opposed to the notion that alterations in animals can only occur by "minute fortuitous variations." I have referred to this subject not merely because of its intrinsic interest, but because Professor Giard has lately delivered a significant discourse on inheritance at the Sorbonne in Paris, as part and parcel of his prelections as occupant of the Chair of Evolution founded by the intelligence and liberality of that city. Giard brings to remembrance a large number of most interesting illustrations in support of the Lamarckian view that acquired characters may be inherited. One of the most telling of his facts, to my mind, is that found in the case of the leaves of the lime and other trees, which bear curious malformations caused by the attack of mites. These malformations are inherited, even when individual trees are protected from the parasites in question; and, as no one could maintain either that the trees originally possessed the malformations, or that the latter occur accidentally, the only explanation open to us is to hold that what was an accidental and acquired variation has been duly perpetuated. It is curious to observe how "time tries all" in the matter of scientific theories, as in that of the ordinary affairs of life. There is, however, one great consolation to science, and that is that the process of testing and trying is not one to which any rational mind need object.

The strides made of late years in physical education have been of most gratifying extent, and this is especially the case with the bodily training of girls. Time was when the only form of exercise permissible to girls at school was the sombre promenade, two by two. Now every well-equipped girls' school has its gymnasium and its lawn-tennis ground, and much good must result from the exercises which are indulged in in each place. Boys, moving about unrestrained by social edicts, have numberless opportunities of acquiring a fair physical development; hitherto girls have been allowed in this respect to remain in the background. Parents and teachers are, however, beginning to discover that healthy bodies make healthy minds, and that children's brains require to be attended to in a physical as well as in an intellectual sense. Thus the claims of physical education are found to be of very strong nature, and it is much to be desired that School Boards everywhere should make due provision for the regulated education of bone and muscle. Reports reach me of movements in this direction having been inaugurated here and there throughout the kingdom. One can only hope that what is now exceptional will become a fixed rule of modern education everywhere.

We have so often been startled, in a scientific sense, by the report that "at last photography has been enabled to reproduce its effects in natural colours" that the announcement has lost somewhat of its novelty and its interest. Yet it would appear as though Professor Lippmann of the Sorbonne had, at least, solved the primary difficulties of the art of photographing in colours. From reports, which doubtless my readers will already have seen, we learn that Professor Lippmann has produced a photograph of a window, whereof the four panes were coloured blue, green, red, and yellow, respectively. His printing was accomplished in a direct manner, and without the interference of coloured screens or media. Behind his plate he places a trough of mercury. This serves as a kind of mirror, which refracts or returns the rays of light through the plate, and thus causes the deposition of the silver on the plate in strata or films peculiar to each of the colours photographed. The particular series of light rays which has given rise to any one colour and to its corresponding layer or deposition on the plate is, of course, invariably reflected by that layer alone. The process is, however, only scientifically interesting at present, but there is no saying how future developments of M. Lippmann's discovery may affect the practice of the photographic art. We may be offered the "penny plain and twopence coloured" ferrotype in the days of the cheap portraiture of the future; but, judging from the beauty of existing processes, and from the really magnificent results obtained by high-class photography as now practised, one may be excused for the remark, that the addition of colour to many a photograph would not materially enhance its artistic value—possibly, indeed, the reverse result might be forthcoming.

I have to thank several correspondents for their replies to my inquiry regarding the supposed influence of the moon on sleeping persons and on foods exposed to the lunar rays. I shall take an early opportunity of reviewing the information and opinions with which I have been favoured. I am still open to receive information on the subject of the moon's influence; and I should be specially thankful for any records of personal experience of lunar "accidents." Of theories and suggestions I have had more than enough. I still hunger and thirst, however, for facts.

## DISCOVERY OF CHALDEAN MONUMENTS IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

BY PROFESSOR DOUGLAS.

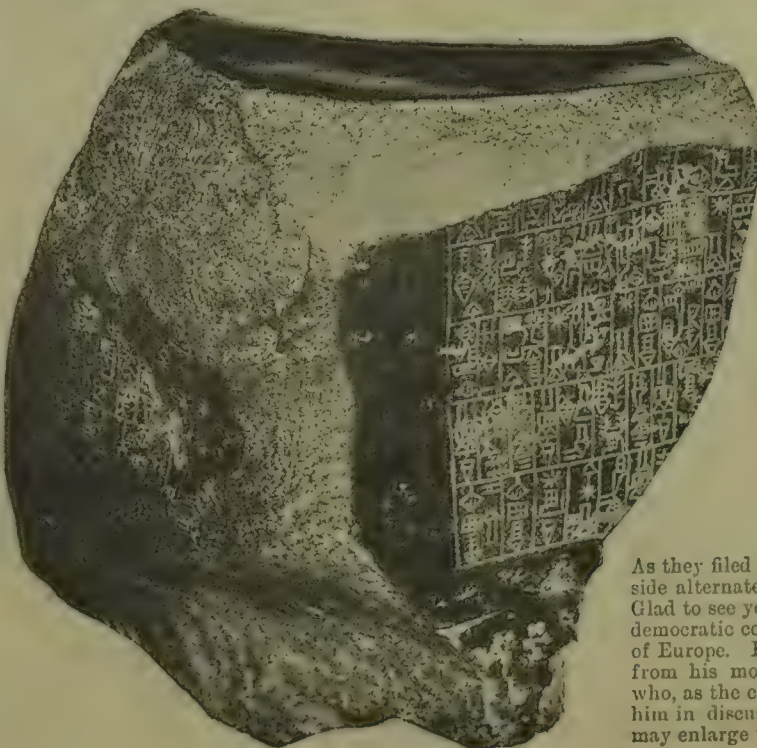
If the house of Mr. Augustus Franks or of any other well-known collector of Oriental porcelain were overwhelmed and destroyed by a sudden catastrophe—which Heaven forbid!—and if, after two or three centuries, the old foundations were dug up, it



is more than probable that the workmen would find such specimens of cracked china and blue-and-white porcelain as would rejoice the hearts of the frequenters of the Christie and Manson's sale-room of the day. An analogous case to this has lately occurred in Knight-riders-street, in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's Churchyard. In the reign of the Merry



Monarch this quarter of the town was the favourite business haunt of Dutch merchants. During the Fire of London the then existing tenements were gutted and overthrown, and, though houses have since risen on the site, many of the old foundations have never been stirred to their depths. A few weeks ago, however, the workmen employed in laying the foundations of a



new house discovered in the rubbish which they were compelled to remove some old Dutch tiles and three black diorite stones bearing figures and characters which suggested to him that they were of more than ordinary interest. This surmise was, on investigation, fully borne out; and on the stones being removed to the British Museum it was discovered that two of them bore inscriptions in the Accadian language, the pre-Semitic language of Chaldaea, and that on the third (fig. 1) were traced the usual grotesque animals and astrological signs commonly found on Chaldean boundary-stones of the twelfth or thirteenth century B.C.

That these stones should have been found in the foundations of a Dutch merchant's house is to be accounted for by the facts that in the seventeenth century, and, indeed, before that period, the Dutch flag was well known in the Persian Gulf, and that Dutch merchants had extensive mercantile relations with the traders of Bussorah. What more natural, therefore, than that these stones should have been shipped on board the ship of some Dutch captain and brought to the house of the consignee in London?

Unfortunately the inscriptions (figs. 2, 3) are, as is so often the case, purely religious, and do not add materially to our knowledge of the history of the country. In both cases they are dedicatory, and contain the dedication of the objects—a door-socket (fig. 2) and a fragment of a basin for holy water (fig. 3)—"to the god Nina, the supreme Lord, the Lord of the written tablet." The only point of historical interest in the inscription on the basin is the mention of E-anna-du, who, according to a tablet in the Berlin Museum, was a son of A-kur-gal, who is mentioned on the well-known Vulture stela at the Louvre, and who is recognised as the son of Ur-Nina.

The real importance of the inscriptions, however, consists in the forms of the characters employed. The script on the door-socket is in the cuneiform character of the period of Gudea; and the mention of that king's name in connection with the dedications has enabled Mr. Evetts, of the British Museum, to fix the date approximately at 4000 B.C. But, far-reaching as this date is, the inscription on the basin (fig. 3) is still older. Before the adoption of clay as a writing material, and before, therefore, the introduction of the cuneiform character, the writing of the country was linear; and it is this form which appears on the basin. This characteristic guides us to a date about 4500 B.C.; and we may therefore congratulate the British Museum on having acquired, by a happy chance, one of the oldest Chaldean monuments ever brought to Europe.

## THE EARLY RISING MONARCH.

The author of "The Sovereigns and Courts of Europe" (Unwin) has made a careful study of the habits of reigning potentates, and he is chiefly struck by their capacity for getting up early in the morning. "Monarchs," he remarks, "best grasp the value of those early morning hours." It is easy to conjure up the picture of the Sovereign who has retired to rest after pondering problems of State over one cigarette and some mild liquid from a syphon. True, the cigarette, according to Count Tolstoi, is smoked to stifle cop-science, and a monarch might indulge in that dissipation after signing a decree which was to strangle the liberties of his people. But one naturally prefers to paint the ruler of men pensively watching the small rings of smoke, and seeing a fresh and benevolent idea in every circle. Well, he sleeps, and his dreams are full of future Constitutions, which shall enhance the glory of the Crown while they widen the responsibilities of democracy. The sole purpose of a thoughtful monarch in these times must be to reconcile the best aims of the popular mind with the personal authority of the Throne. How can a man with such an ideal constantly before him dream the dreams of an ordinary citizen, who is haunted by commonplace cares, or by the spectral emanations of indigestion? No, the Sovereign has his exalted visions, inspired by the vigilance of a great trust, and nourished, it may be, by the spirit of prophecy. How can such a man lie late in bed? How can he do aught but rise with, or even before, the lark? That much-praised bird flies into space, and fills the air with melody; but it is the business of the monarch to people his realm with ideas, to astonish his Ministers at the council board with the profound conceptions which he has passed in review while dressing, long before they have torn themselves from luxuriant pillows. Moreover, like the Czar and John Gilpin, he may have a frugal mind, and may give some of those undisturbed morning hours to the practice of household economy. The Czar is said to sally out and discover the prices of provisions. Though All the Russias belong to him, he is punctilious about bills for vegetables, and has no taste for putting illicit perquisites into the pockets of Court officials. It is delightful to picture him bargaining with a market-woman, and returning to the palace with the proud satisfaction of having bought the day's dinner at the lowest possible expense. There used to be a popular idea that royalty had no hold on the imagination except by its magnificence. It was supposed that reverence for the monarchy would decline when the Sovereign ceased to appear in public surrounded by splendour and every assurance of the most costly habits. But courtly biographers are now eager to dwell not on the gilded trappings and suits of sovereignty so much as on its domestic virtues and simple ways. We are no longer asked to admire the ostentation of regal banquets, but to think of the careful king or emperor who rises early, and hurries to interview his butcher, with the hope that the joint will cost less than it did the day before. Another advantage of this early rising is that it enables some monarchs to dispose of an enormous mass of business in time to receive callers. There is the King of Greece, for instance, who twice a week, in the summer, goes through this ordeal with the utmost cheerfulness. Anybody who happens to be passing through Athens may call upon this affable potentate, and find him "standing beside a little table piled with papers and documents." These are the fruits of the early morning hours. The visitor has the privilege not only of seeing the King, but also of witnessing the proofs of an industry which may well make him feel abashed when he thinks of that ten-o'clock breakfast in bed. It used to be the habit of a hard-worked American Governor to receive the general public in very hot weather in his shirt sleeves. As they filed past him in two streams, he shook hands on each side alternately, murmuring, "How d'ye do? How d'ye do? Glad to see you! Glad to see you! Hot day! Hot day!" This democratic cordiality is not practised by any of the Sovereigns of Europe. But the spectacle of a monarch, fresh and smiling from his morning labours, receiving a concourse of people who, as the chronicler tells us, are allowed even to contradict him in discussion, shows how much the habit of early rising may enlarge the kingly mind.





A MOUNTAINEER OF THE CAUCASUS.

## MISS KATE MARSDEN'S TRAVELS IN THE CAUCASUS.

A benevolent English lady has lately set forth on a very long journey of some months over the vast distances of the Russian Empire in Asia, having previously visited Syria and Turkey, on a purely charitable mission. The task which Miss Kate Marsden has courageously undertaken is that of visiting all the establishments for lepers, collecting knowledge with regard to their miserable condition, and striving to learn how that disease can be prevented or mitigated, or what can be done to relieve its suffering victims. From Constantinople, in the autumn of last year, she made her way eastward to Erzeroum, Batoum, and Tiflis, in the Russian province of Georgia, whence she travelled, quite alone, across the Caucasus into European Russia, arriving at Moscow to complete her arrangements for the Siberian expedition.

At Tiflis, a city which has repeatedly been described, and a View of which appeared in our Journal not two years ago, Miss Kate Marsden was courteously received by the Russian Governor, and was allowed to visit the hospitals and other public institutions. After a brief sojourn there, she started in a four-horse carriage, attended by a native man-servant, on the road northward over the mountains. The cold in that season of the year would be very severe, and it may amuse our lady readers, here in England, to have a particular account of Miss Kate Marsden's travelling-dress.

She had first to procure, at Tiflis, a pair of overboots or gaiters, made of string and wool, which go over the ordinary boots, and are long enough to reach over the knees. Her next purchase was an affair for the head, to cover it well up, and to keep out the snow, rain, and cold. This was an odd-looking thing, going to a high point on the top of the head, and having very broad ends, which pass round the neck, and then tie in front, so as to keep out every little draught. She was clothed, underneath, with all Dr. Jaeger's thickest body garments, over which was her jacket, large and loose, with two padings of dimity, which, with a thick lining and the cloth itself, made four wraps. Over this she had a large shawl and a woollen cloud round her neck. Lastly, she got into a bag made of three pieces, joined at the bottom and both sides, long enough when she was in it to come up to her shoulders; thus she could sit on one piece and be covered by two. Over this, again, she had the thickest of the Jaeger rugs. She looked an odd figure, twice her own size, and was so stuffed with clothing that she could scarcely move, but only in this way could she keep warm. Her nose, she says,

suffered most: it ached and smarted till her eyes watered, and the tears were frozen on her cheeks.

Ivan, her man-servant, accompanied her, fully armed with sword and dagger, and many other warlike instruments. The four horses of the carriage were harnessed side by side, the two outer ones being trained to keep their heads turned outward. In this way she started, the tinkling of the horses' bells giving a cheery sound. On the first day of the journey she could scarcely see the way for dust, but this was changed as she approached the mountains. She met thirty-two carts, drawn either by oxen or buffaloes: in some cases two buffaloes were yoked together, with two oxen yoked before them. After having left Tiflis about fifty miles behind, she began to encounter all kinds of strange wild-looking men who belonged to the mountain tribes. The journey was a constant ascent, with sometimes a large river dashing round a curve below, and at others massive rocks standing hundreds of feet above, looking as though they would fall upon the traveller. Going on farther, everything changed: the view in front would be completely hidden by some lofty mountain, so that the road seemed to have come to an end.

Each time of changing horses she went into a wayside house and had tea, if possible, looking round at the unfamiliar people who came in to look at her, then again into the carriage, and feeling that each stage was taking her farther from civilisation and deeper into the grand mountains. As night came on she wrapped her clothing more closely around her, and felt rather afraid of the dark. Still, she enjoyed the life in those beautiful mountains—the fresh air, the sparkling snow, the clear ring of the horses' hoofs on the hard ground, all made her feel, as she said, fifteen rather than thirty years of age. When writing in these wild spirits she was on Mount Kasbek, one of the two grand crowning points of the Caucasus range, the other being Mount Elburz.

## "FAR IN THE SPIRITUAL CITY."

It is pleasant to find that, amid "the hurly-burly and to-do" of a McKinley Tariff and the callous inactivity of a *fin-de-siècle* indifference, there are still those among us who have the will and the power to dream. And yet, though it may seem strange at first, the tendency is in reality natural to the time. It is the active and eager, not the drowsy and easy-going, mind that dreams the most. And as it is with the individual so it is with the people: it is just the age of action, spinning "down the ringing grooves of change," that sets a thoughtful spirit here and there musing, like John o' Dreams, upon the past, and projecting itself into the future. With a people stranded on a dead-level of stability there would be little to dream of, because there would be so little upon which to look back—still less toward which to look forward.

For the dreams of an active age are of two kinds—retrospect and prospect. The hearts of all of us go with the latter: with the dreams of the past there are fewer to sympathise. When some old spirit

Too lame to follow with the cry

turns aside from the crowd as it storms onward, and is content to stand under the wall, out of the race, with a song of the past upon his lips—who is there to heed him? There is

no time to delay: the multitude must follow the leader. Perhaps it is for this very reason that the poetry of the hour is found wanting: we cannot spare time to dream of the past; our fancies are not yet formed enough to allow us to dream of the future.

But the dream of the future, imperfect though it be, is the dream of the age: it is the dream of progress, of advancement, of social change. Moreover, the most vivid of our dreams are, it is worth noticing, prospective. The mind that has worried in the twilight over to-morrow's business falls asleep at midnight to dream that business done. The soul that has yearned for years for the thousand blessings that go to make up life—wealth, fame, love, happiness—begins to dream at last of a golden age, when all men shall be equal, and every comfort given to every man in fair proportion. And so the dream comes to be set down in writing for others to share; and so arise the many visionary castles in the air, modified by the tendency of the age that conceives them, from Augustine's "City of God" to More's "Utopia," from Plato's "Republic" to Bellamy's "Boston."

And it is interesting to notice how dependent this dreamland is upon the workaday world without. Even our wildest dreams can teach us nothing. They can only take the things we know and range them in the most pleasant order: they cannot whisper to us of things yet undiscovered, and knowledge still undreamt. In this respect the written dreamland—the dreamland of our Platos—exactly resembles the dreamland of our own morning sleep. They can only take the things they know, and group them to their good pleasure. They come as if to show us something new; but the talent they bring is still the old one, long hidden in the earth, now wrapped, it may be, in a new napkin. "The Republic" is a clean-swept Sparta: the author of "Looking Backward" triumphs in a vulgarised "Boston."

Such stuff as Miss Schreiner's "Dreams"\* are made of has more attraction, since it is more allusive and fantastic. Hers are no crude, commonplace pieces of deskwork—logical deductions from possible contingencies: when she touches upon a social topic she adorns it with allegory, or wreathes it in mysticism. The sunlight lies across her bed, and straightway she is with God, discussing good and evil; the sun is hot on her African desert, and on a sudden the vision of woman, trammelled (so she pictures her) with the chains of age-old repression, rises to trouble her, while she foresees the final liberation of her sex.

Miss Schreiner does not map out her Utopia with ruler and compass; she does not sketch elevations of its public buildings and ground plans of its city walls: she is content to hint and hope, to be vague and visionary. She dreams, if the expression is possible, more artistically; but, alas! she dreams to quite as little purpose.

And, oh! the beauty and vanity of these visions, that melt in the sunlight of common-sense!

We know that the future cannot realise these dreams: indeed, if we think only a little, we can easily believe that her Utopias, even if realised, would never content us. We can see that there is something wanting to them, which our imagination cannot supply. They are limited by our own limitations: they can be no more than the crippled fancies of children, who do not themselves know what they are crying for. But still, as to Plato there was an element of satisfaction in the contemplation of a community of wives and children, so to us, too, there seems a rough and ready equity in a whole-sale partition of wealth, with happiness—like Herbert Spencer's cake—cut into equal slices and handed all around. At the first blush it is such a tempting prospect—this dream of Socialism—that we all feel like becoming Socialists forthwith, and helping to hasten the dawn of our dream of wealth.

And it is only afterwards, in one of our calmer moments, when we wonder what would become of emulation and energy, of bravery and unselfishness, and a hundred other things lovely and of good report, with all incentive to them removed—it is only then that we realise that dreamland is fairest afar off, and that, as we approach nearer, it fades into the leaden sky, like the fading of a mirage across an Eastern desert.

A. W.

\* Dreams. By Olive Schreiner. T. Fisher, Unwin.



PEASANTS WITH MARKET CART ON THE ROAD TO TIFLIS.





"LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS."



## THE HOME OF ROULETTE.

BY W. FRASER RAE.

The existence of Monte Carlo as the home of Roulette is one of the many indirect consequences of the victory gained by the Prussians at Sadowa. Till then the public gaming tables in Germany existed without their proprietors caring for the morrow. After that event these proprietors rightly felt that their days were numbered, and M. Blanc, the ablest among them, made arrangements in view of the inevitable consequences. He was the founder and chief of the gaming tables at Homburg. He sought for the site of a new Casino where he might be free from the interference of any Prussian Parliament or Minister, and he found what he required in the Principality of Monaco. In that small State there is no Parliament, the ruler being as autocratic as the Czar of Russia. Before M. Blanc appeared on the scene the Prince of Monaco had been driven by his financial necessities to grant a concession to the founders of a gaming house. The venture had not proved so successful as was expected. It is easy enough opening a gaming house, but it is far from easy to keep it filled with players. A casino was built at Nauheim rivalling that at Homburg; but, while the shares in the Homburg Casino rose to a large premium, those of the one at Nauheim fell to a heavy discount, the reason being that Homburg was crowded with players, while Nauheim did not attract many persons save invalids, who went to take the brine baths.

About the year 1872 one gaming house after another in Germany closed its doors for ever. If Homburg, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, Ems, and other places of lesser note had any other attractions except play, they were destined thenceforth to rely upon them for their popularity. Some are still popular, but the life of each of them in the season is different from what it used to be. All that is special in the life of a place where play is the chief subject of talk and attraction is now continued and concentrated at Monte Carlo. It is the last home of Roulette in Europe.

The visitor to Monte Carlo, who now sees it for the first time, cannot conceive the transformation which the spot on which it stands has undergone since M. Blanc founded the Casino. Before he acquired the concession for keeping gaming tables there, similar tables were in operation in the city of Monaco. That city was then very difficult of access. It was not a pleasant place of abode. One hotel existed for the entertainment of visitors, and those only who can feel at home in a fourth-rate Italian hotel could feel at home there. When M. Blanc saw the existing state of things, he said to himself what Jeffrey wrote of Wordsworth's "Excursion," "This will never do." It occurred to him that a fine site for a casino, a hotel and villas, existed on the promontory opposite to Monaco, which is now the suburb of Monte Carlo. He built a casino, which has been nearly quadrupled in size since then, and close to it he built an hotel, which has long been one of the best on the Riviera. M. Blanc had appealed to the public for the money wherewith to carry out his plans, having formed a company under the name of "Société des Bains de Mer et Cercle des Etrangers," with a capital of fifteen million francs. The response was but slight, not more than a fourth of the shares being applied for. M. Blanc and his friends took the rest, and the original shareholders have had no reason to complain of their venture, as the shares are at upwards of two hundred per cent. premium, and the dividends on the original capital have been at least thirty per cent.

Several years elapsed before Monte Carlo became a favourite place of resort. When the Casino was first opened there was no railway station nearer than Nice. A steamer plied daily between Nice and Monaco, and a diligence ran between Nice and Mentone. An omnibus brought the passengers from Mentone to Monte Carlo. When the railway was constructed between Nice and Genoa, with stations at Monaco and Monte Carlo, those who wished to reach the Casino could do so quickly and in comfort. Monte Carlo had the advantage over the German towns in which there were public gaming tables in possessing a fine climate in winter. At Homburg the Casino was kept open during the winter, but the climate of Homburg in winter is much less balmy than that along the Riviera.

Perhaps it may be well to correct a common misapprehension about the Casino at Monte Carlo. It is spoken of as one which the public can enter just as the public could enter those at Homburg, Wiesbaden, and Baden-Baden. The inhabitants of the German towns were forbidden to play at the gaming tables, but no respectably dressed stranger was excluded from the casinos. Now, the company to which the Casino at Monte Carlo belongs claims and exercises the right to admit and exclude whom it pleases. There is little difficulty in obtaining a ticket of admission, yet tickets are not granted as a matter of course. The natives of the Principality are not permitted to lose their money at play. Sometimes foreigners gain admission who would be excluded if they gave a correct description of themselves; but the company cannot be blamed for this. The proprietors of the tables have no interest in those playing who cannot afford to lose their money.

Though the gaming tables are the chief feature in the Casino, they are not the only attraction. Concerts are given twice daily all the year round, and in the winter season a classical concert is given weekly which cannot be surpassed anywhere. Indeed, the lovers of music have a frequently recurring treat provided for them in the Casino, and for this they have nothing to pay. It doubtless happens that the crowds which fill the concert-room afterwards flock into the gaming rooms and help to fill the coffers of the bank. For those who abstain from play a large supply of newspapers is provided, and the Casino is made as pleasant a place as possible to those who frequent it. The sums which change hands in it are enormous. Last year the gross receipts were twenty million francs; the expenses were fourteen millions, leaving a sum for distribution among the shareholders of six millions. Among the expenses are included the cost of the government of the Principality. The inhabitants pay no taxes.

A form of so-called amusement which is provided by the proprietors of the Casino, and which attracts many persons, is pigeon-shooting. Day after day for several months during the season the shooting of pigeons goes on at the margin of the sea, behind and below the Casino. The principal matches are in progress at the same time as the races at Nice, and then Monte Carlo really deserves the name of pandemonium. But lest it should be erroneously supposed that Monte Carlo is an intolerable haunt of abandoned characters, it must be added, in justice to the Monaco authorities, that they are strict in excluding them from residing there. Bad characters may come from Nice and spend the day at Monte Carlo, but they must return by the night train. There is no play in the Casino after eleven at night, and then the streets of Monte Carlo are silent and deserted. Those who live there keep early hours, and those who do not prepare for bed at eleven are the exceptions. The stranger arriving for the first time at Monte Carlo at night is apt to think it as quiet and decorous a place as Penzance. At whatever hour of the day or night a stranger may arrive, he will have little difficulty in obtaining rooms at an hotel, except at the height of the season. The hotels in the two suburbs, the Condamine and Monte Carlo, are numbered by the dozen, some as large and finely appointed as any in Paris or London.

## CASSIUS.

"Good Cassius," says Julius Caesar to Antony, "has a lean and hungry look." He adds, "Such men are dangerous"; and he has already expressed his desire to have about him none but men "that are fat"—"sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights." Ben Jonson may have had in his mind this speech of Caesar's—which Shakespeare enlarged from Plutarch—when, in his "Bartholomew Fair," he makes one of his characters say, "Come, there's no malice in fat folks; I never fear thee, an I can scape my lean mooncalf there." There is undoubtedly a prejudice against the Cassiuses—the lean and hungry-looking varlets whom Society seems at first sight to brand as intended by Nature herself to meddle in treasons, stratagems, and spoils. It is a curious circumstance that our dramatists and novelists almost invariably deny to their villains a rosy complexion, a pair of bright eyes, and well-clothed bones. Almost the only villain with a decorous allowance of fat whom I can remember in modern fiction is Wilkie Collins's Count Fosco. Dickens's villains—Squeers, Sampson Brass, Quilp, Simon Tappertit, Jonas Chuzzlewit, Uriah Heep, and all the rest of them—if rolled together, would scarcely make one decent-sized comely looking citizen! Then look at Byron—there's not an ounce of fat on his Giaours, Corsairs, Laras, Manfreds; they all belong to the tribe of Cassius. Fielding's Jonathan Wild is of the same following. Then there is Mrs. Radcliffe's master-villain: "His figure was striking, but not so from grace; it was tall, and, though extremely thin, his limbs were large and uncouth." Scott's Dousterswivel was tall, beetle-browed, and lank of limb. Gilbert Glossin belonged to Pharaoh's lean kine; and, though Dirk Hatterick is described as thick-set and brawny, he was provided with a "muscular system" that would have been incompatible with anything like corpulence.

In mediæval days a liberal amount of flesh seems to have been much admired. William the Conqueror would have horrified Cæsar. Two kings of France have been immortalised as Charles le Gros and Louis le Gros. The chronicler Guillaume, in his life of the Abbé Suger, heaves a prolonged sigh over his disappointing leanness: "Among all the various gifts and graces," he says, "which the Abbé received from Heaven, one only was conspicuously wanting—that of becoming, after he had assumed the rule of the Abbey of St. Denis, fatter than he had been as a simple monk, while nearly all his predecessors, however meagre they had been before, had no sooner received the imposition of hands than they grew fat about the cheeks and stomach, to say nothing about the heart." Evidently, the Abbé was no subject for Banting! Henry I., King of Navarre; Sancho I., King of Leon; Henry III., Count of Champagne; Gervase III., Duke of Brittany—these, and other mediæval princes, were a daily comfort to the eyes of their loving subjects. Coming down to later times, we find obesity not infrequently associated with a certain amount of intellectual power: as in the Italian poet Berni; in our Henry VIII.; in Dillenius, the German poet; and in Gibbon, the historian, who was so fat that, having fallen on his knees to pay his addresses to a certain gentlewoman, he was unable to rise again without her assistance. Dr. Johnson, too, was "sleek-headed," and anything but a Cassius. And Jemmy Thomson—he who sang "The Seasons"—was, as he himself admits, "more fat than bard beeseems."

Yet we are forced to own that the world's great books have been written, and the world's great deeds accomplished, by men who have leaned rather to the Cassius than the Falstaff type; men who, if not absolutely spare and skinny, have not found their "corporeal vesture" any let or hindrance to celerity of movement, physical or mental. Here is a hasty list of lean worthies, to which the reader can add at his leisure: Agesilaus, Plutarch, Cicero, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Attila; the historian Procopius; the chronicler Gregory of Tours; Pepin the Short; Charles the Great; Pope John XXII.; the great Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama; Prince Eugene; Marlborough; the Spanish Admiral, Graviña; David Garrick; Edmund Kean; Pope, Shelley, Keats; Napoleon (in his earlier and more brilliant years), Nelson, and Wellington. The late Earl of Beaconsfield must also, I think, be included. I suppose there is something in a liberal allowance of flesh which indisposes its possessor to active exertions, though that very indisposition necessarily tends to increase the evil. The world, with its customary hard-heartedness, mocks at the scanty breath and embarrassed movements of the fat, as it does at the lantern jaws and rattling bones of the lean; and hurls its gibes at the Falstaffs as at the Don Quixotes with equal indifference; so that what we have to pray for is a golden mean—a happy mediocrity—neither too much nor too little flesh, neither obesity nor lankiness. In this brief paper I have been speaking only of men. To touch upon the physical properties of the other sex, which we are all agreed in considering charming, would be an impertinence. Yet it may be allowable to hint that from a lady of Falstaffian proportions we modestly avert our eyes; nor do we allow our gaze to linger upon a Miss Blimber or a Miss Pecksniff! W. H. D.-A.

The thirteenth anniversary of the election of Leo XIII. to the Pontifical Chair was celebrated on Feb. 20.

The question whether a groom may wear a moustache has come before the Bedford County Court, a lady having dismissed her servant before his notice expired on that account. The Judge directed a verdict for the servant, holding that, while it would be an outrage for a liveried footman to wear a moustache, with an outdoor servant it was a natural protection against the weather.

Herr Eduard Lürssen, the famous sculptor and professor at the Berlin Academy of Arts, committed suicide on the Kaiser Wilhelm's Bridge, on Feb. 19, by shooting himself with a revolver. Herr Lürssen's body was conveyed to his residence in the Kurfürstenstrasse, his wife being absent at the time. When she returned the servant at once announced the news of her husband's suicide, and the unfortunate lady, without uttering a word, fell down dead.

The body of General Sherman was removed to St. Louis on Feb. 19. Ten thousand troops took part in the ceremony. Among those present were President Harrison, ex-Presidents Hayes and Cleveland, the members of the Cabinet, the chief Army officers, and many State officials. Among the telegrams of condolence received by the relatives of the late General were messages from the Prince of Wales, Count von Moltke, Signor Crispi, Dom Pedro, ex-Emperor of Brazil, Count von Waldersee, the Comte de Paris, and from many British, French, and German military officers.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, in a lecture at the Birkbeck Institute in Chancery-lane on "The Art of the Novelist," declared that she cared very little for the historical novel. That was the best historical novel, she said, which painted the world around us, the social life of men and women. As types of this she quoted the works of Dickens, Trollope, and Thackeray. Dickens showed men not quite as they were, Trollope painted them as they appeared, but Thackeray read them through and through. In her opinion, Thackeray was the greatest master of fiction the world has ever seen.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Cardinal Newman's early home was not far from Twickenham Ferry. He remembered an old ferryman there who used to say, "They used to talk of a Mr. Pope. I never thought much of him. He was a small, insignificant little man."

Those who have seen the new story Archdeacon Farrar has written (it will be published by Messrs. Longman) describe it as one of the most successful of the writer's works. Dr. Farrar's early volumes of stories for schoolboys attained great popularity, and he has apparently lost nothing by his long practice in other forms of literature. At the time when the vast success of "Robert Elsmere" was attracting general attention, I understand an enterprising American firm offered the Archdeacon a tempting sum to write a novel describing contemporary religious life and thought. It appears, however, that the proposal has not been closed with. If so, we have lost something, for Archdeacon Farrar's knowledge of the subject in all its aspects is unrivalled.

The Bishop of Lincoln has undertaken to give meditations on the Seven Last Words, on Good Friday, in Gainsborough parish church. This is the subject of an exquisite little book by Dr. King—one of his rare and valued publications. Speaking strongly in favour of temperance the other week, the Bishop announced that he was not a total abstainer.

I understand that Professor Drummond proposes to issue for Easter another booklet in the style of "Pax Vobiscum" and "The Greatest Thing in the World," which have proved so popular.

It will interest, and perhaps amuse, readers who know Dr. Walter C. Smith by his "Olrig Grange," "Borland Hall," and "Hilda Among the Broken Gods" that the brilliant and popular poet is likely to be made Moderator of the approaching General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland.

It is seriously proposed to withdraw the license to preach from deacons. Indeed, the Bishop of Lichfield has already carried out this reform. He allows deacons to preach once a month in the parish church, and this monthly sermon is forwarded to, and presumably inspected by, the examining chaplain. A gentleman who seems faithfully to have read many sermon-exercises thinks that they justify the criticism made not long since by a shrewd housewife on the dull and somewhat ponderous sermons of the junior curate, when she said that he had not got a sufficiently light hand for pastry. They wanted, it seems, lightness of hand, the power of illustration, lucidity, and brightness.

The Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, is very popular in England. He draws to Archdeacon Farrar's church, and wherever he appears, large congregations, whom he delights by the rapid rush of his style and the freshness of his thought. Messrs. Macmillan have published his sermons in England at six shillings a volume. An enterprising publisher contrived to issue the last volume in advance. The binding resembled that of Messrs. Macmillan, and the price was 4s. 6d. The following week, however, Messrs. Macmillan were in the field with an edition at 3s. 6d.

Canon Scott Holland preached before the University of Cambridge on Sunday, Feb. 15. His subject was the Christian insistence on the Cross.

Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, said, in a recent address, that since the death of Dean Church and Canon Liddon the sermons of Canon Paget seemed to him better worth reading than those of any other preacher in the Church of England.

At the annual meeting of Mr. Spurgeon's church it was stated that during the past twelve months there had been a very great decrease in the weekly Sunday offerings, and the number of members who paid for sittings had also considerably decreased. The fine church in Westminster Bridge-road built for the Rev. Newman Hall also reports steady though not rapid retrogression. Mr. Spurgeon's congregations are, however, as large as ever, and the various agencies of his great church are maintained with full spirit. V.

## THE WESLEY CENTENARY.

The hundredth anniversary of the death of John Wesley is celebrated in London by holding a series of special religious services and conferences, beginning on March 2 with the sermons and addresses delivered at the City-road Chapel. A public meeting is held to bring together Methodists of the different Connexions, including the New Connexion, the Primitive Methodists, the Bible Christians, and the Wesleyan Reform Union, as well as those of Ireland and America. Lectures on the history of this great religious movement since its beginning in the reign of George II., its progress, extension, and consolidation, and its present operations, are provided for the occasion; and there are practical discussions with reference to the works of preaching, education, literary instruction, and foreign missions. The unveiling of a statue of John Wesley, and the opening of the Allan Library, with a museum of antiquities or relics illustrative of the early years of Methodism, are proceedings of much interest.

From the point of view last mentioned, our readers may be gratified with the subjects of the Engravings we now put before them as memorials of John Wesley's life, which is fully related in several biographies, not forgetting that written by Southey, but allowing the Rev. L. Tyerman's work, published twenty years ago, to be the most accurate and complete. John Wesley's birthplace, Epworth, in Lincolnshire, was the rural parish of which his father, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, was Rector from 1696 to 1735; and it was on June 17, 1703, that John Wesley here came into the world, one of a large family, his elder brother Samuel being then thirteen years of age, while his younger brother, Charles, was born two or three years after John. The old rectory or parsonage was destroyed by fire in their childhood. Little is recorded of the family life, but enough to show that the Rector of Epworth was a clergyman worthy of esteem for his virtues, piety, and learning, burdened with domestic anxieties, and once thrust into jail for debt; Mrs. Wesley, the best of mothers, was the teacher of all her children. From her care, in his eleventh year, John passed to the Charterhouse School in London, where he spent five years, and in 1720 was elected to a scholarship of Christ Church, Oxford, followed there by his brother Charles in 1726; it was there, indeed, that the Methodist Society began with a small company of devout students of the University, united by mutual sympathy and private friendship. John Wesley had already taken orders in the Church of England, and had assisted his father as curate. In 1735 he went to America as a religious missionary; and it was in 1739, after his return to England, that the system of popular preaching, in which Wesley and Whitfield, for a very short time, acted together, was zealously commenced. John Wesley, who died in 1791, is a memorable figure in the social history of the last century; and the effects of his work remain happily strong for good in manifold ways. This anniversary festival is attractive to English Christians.





PERSONAL MEMORIALS AND RELICS OF JOHN WESLEY: FOR THE CENTENARY OF HIS DEATH.



## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

There can be no sort of doubt that the indoor bodices and the outdoor jackets and mantles of the spring are all to be "three-quarter length," so called. Literally speaking, they are shorter than three quarters of the entire height of the wearer, reaching only to rather less than midway between the waist and the knee. Tailor-made bodices turn back with revers, as a rule, from the shoulder to the waist, narrowing off there so cleverly as to pass into the edge of the long basque; then, of course, a vest appears between the revers, and this generally ends in a point a little below the waist, being much shorter than the basque. The passion for doing up a gown as though it were a conjurer's puzzle constructed to defy detection of the fastening seems to be passing over. The vests of the newest gowns are closed with buttons quite visibly set straight down the centre. For this relief much thanks, good Queen Fashion! One gets weary of bodices that want to be hooked three times over, and in all manner of impossible places. Tailor-dress bodices are very often finished off by the basques being cut in tabs all round, these being sometimes bound, sometimes invisibly turned under. A new model that I recently saw was in olive-green cloth, the basque cut up to form a couple of large tabs only on each side; these were piped with dark-red cloth. The revers were also faced with red; but the vest was of the same material as the jacket itself, and was fastened with green buttons, which looked like serpentine marble.

Anyone fortunate enough to possess really beautiful buttons has a treasure to be valued, for the day of the button is returning. Buttons promise to be much used decoratively in the coming season, judging by the stocks of them that are being laid in; and, whenever they do become fashionable as ornaments, as distinguished from mere fastenings, they are beautiful indeed. The fashions of the last century encouraged the button. Men wore it for ornament then, as well as women, and the most beautiful old paste buttons were made for men's coats. Fashion varies more rapidly now than it did in the days when communication was tardy. The old buttons are often really articles of jewellery. The new ones will hardly be so beautiful as are most of those that have survived the storm and stress of a century. Permanence is a necessary element of the beautiful in art. We shall not be ready to pay the price of fine silver and gem work for buttons that we know well will be out of fashion three seasons hence, and therefore almost valueless. Undeniedly, Birmingham is preparing some very pretty buttons, but lucky are the women who have in their stores genuine antique ornaments of that kind ready for the "Louis Quinze" and "Ravenswood" bodices. Among owners of beautiful buttons are the Marchioness of Londonderry, who has a number of magnificent diamond ones; and Mrs. Bernard-Beere, who possesses some set with star sapphires.

Handsome brocades are required to make the vests that are either fastened or edged by beautiful buttons. When the "Ravenswood" style is patronised, the long-basqued coat hangs loose at the edges, and it is on this that the buttons are placed. The vest, hooking invisibly, must then fit close to the figure by a single dart, and must be of some beautiful material; but so small a quantity is needed that it is not, after all, very costly to have three or four vests, while such a change will quite alter the general look of a plain cashmere or faille gown.

A somewhat interesting appeal was lately considered by

the House Committee on military affairs of the American Senate. It was the plea of a Miss Seelye to have the name of Franklin Thompson expunged from the list of deserters from Company F of the Second Michigan Volunteers. Miss Seelye's concern with Franklin Thompson's fame is simply that—he was herself! Under the assumed manly name she fought in many battles, with an excellent record, and she pleads that she did not really tarnish her soldierly fame by deserting, but was obliged to leave the army because of her sex. The Senate has granted her prayer, and in connection with this it is recalled that there are known to have been many women engaged in that great civil war. Several names on the muster rolls of various regiments have written against them—"Discharged for being a woman." In other cases, the soldier's sex was only discovered by her death on the field of battle. There is, for instance, on the records of the 126th Pennsylvania Regiment: "Sergeant Frank Mayne, killed in action; found to be a woman—real name, Frances Day."

"Discharged for being a woman"—how quaintly and frankly the official formula displays the fact! Discharged not for being an incompetent or a cowardly soldier, but for being a woman! Well, it is right enough, of course, so far as war goes. War is such a foolish, wasteful, brutal, cruel way of settling international disputes that it is to be hoped that women will use whatever power they may obtain, not to get admittance to the Army, but by degrees to do away with the profession altogether. But "discharged for being a woman" has a bitter sound when it is said, for instance, about an illustrious Princess, whose mental talents and noble aspirations fit her pre-eminently for the Sovereignty which her birth would entitle her to were she born a man; or about such wisely philanthropic and capable administrators as are all three of our discarded lady County Councillors. "Discharged for being a woman," then, seems rather a pity.

Among my correspondence is some on the ever-interesting topic of marriage celebration. The Rev. S. Childs Clarke sends me a choral wedding service, just published by Skeffington and Co., Piccadilly, with some charmingly appropriate wedding hymns written by Mr. Clarke himself, while the music is by that very accomplished musician, the Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales. A lady member of the Society of Friends—"H.M.S."—thinks that I do not do justice to the Friends' wedding ceremony. "No woman of the society," she says, "would willingly exchange for the Church of England ceremony, with its promise of obedience, the simple and dignified declaration of love and fidelity which is made in our meeting-houses by husband and wife on perfectly equal terms. The silence, broken only by spontaneous prayer or exhortation, with the solemn and undisturbed marriage vow made 'in the fear of the Lord and in presence of this assembly,' constitute an impressive ceremony, which few Friends would be willing to forego in favour of the most ornate ritual." This may be, but I referred only to the Registrar-General's return, showing that weddings in Friends' meeting-houses had by no means increased in proportion to the advancing numbers of the population. I should think that a Quaker wedding, with its protracted silence and its lack of an officiant—the engaged couple sitting facing a speechless congregation till the bridegroom is moved to rise—must be trying to the nerves of the bride. At the same time, I have never failed to appreciate the absolute equality between the sexes admitted by the Friends, which I believe to be the main secret of the high moral tone and intellectual ability so general among members

of their body. My correspondent adds that the Society of Friends is the only Nonconformist body which is allowed to dispense with the attendance of the official Registrar, and to keep its own records of weddings, a copy being, of course, duly sent to the Registrar of the district.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has accepted the presidency of the Palestine Exploration Fund, of which the late Archbishop of York was the president from the foundation of the society in 1865 to his death.

The Archbishop of York has arranged to visit Hull on March 17, the day after his enthronement, to receive the congratulations of the municipal authorities and the religious bodies.

There was a curious commemoration on Feb. 20 in connection with Sir John Cass's schools in the City of London. At these schools some two hundred and fifty boys and girls are educated free of cost, provided daily with a dinner, and supplied annually with a new outfit. The children assembled at the schools in Jewry-street about eleven o'clock—the boys in new suits, the girls in new gowns—and, headed by the beadle of the parish, made the round of the yard of Portsoken. Each boy and girl wore a button-hole, backed by a crimson quill, an adornment which commemorates the circumstances attending the death of Sir John Cass, which was caused by the rupture of a blood-vessel.

Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" form together a powerful combination, but even thus united in one programme they do not constitute so strong an attraction as "Elijah." Hence, perhaps, the slight diminution noticeable in the attendance at the second of the Covent-Garden Lenten Oratorios on Saturday, Feb. 21. At the same time, the falling off was only in the more expensive parts of the house; the gallery and area were quite as crowded as before, and the decorous attitude and discriminating intelligence displayed throughout by these humble amateurs might have formed an example worthy of imitation by the most distinguished Albert Hall or Bach Choir audience. They waited patiently until the concluding note of the accompaniment before applauding an artist, and only insisted on one encore in course of the entire evening. This latter exception to the rule was provoked by Madame Nordica's singularly fine rendering of the "Inflammatus," which we have not heard sung with equal beauty of voice and intensity of fervour since the days when Teresa Tietjens was at her best. Madame Nordica's high notes rang through the house like the sound of a clarion, and her declamation was simply superb. Miss Dews, a sympathetic contralto whom we had not previously heard, and Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys, a rising young Welsh tenor, were scarcely able to do physical justice to their more exigent solos in so large an auditorium; but both worked hard and with some measure of success. Mr. Novara was in all respects an adequate exponent of the bass solos in the "Stabat," and his rendering of the "Pro peccatis" was warmly applauded. A great improvement was made in the position of the choir by ranging all the tiers gradually from front to back so that every singer had a good view of the conductor. This, however, did not prevent the occurrence of a few slips, which, although unimportant, ought not to have marred the performance of such familiar music. The band was irreproachable, the symphony which forms the first portion of Mendelssohn's work being really admirably played. Mr. Randegger conducted with his habitual care and zeal, and Mr. Augustus Toop acquitted himself ably of his duties at the American organ.

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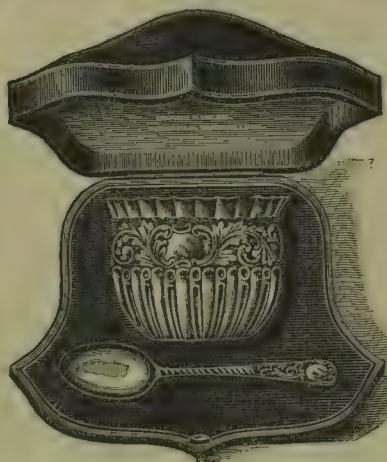
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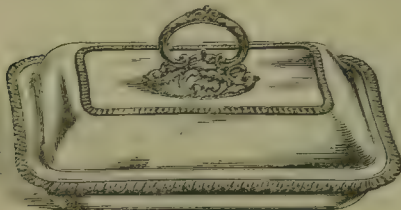
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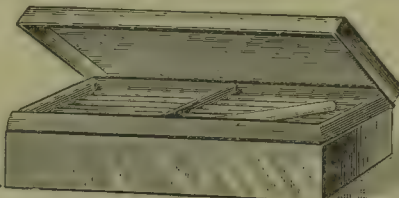
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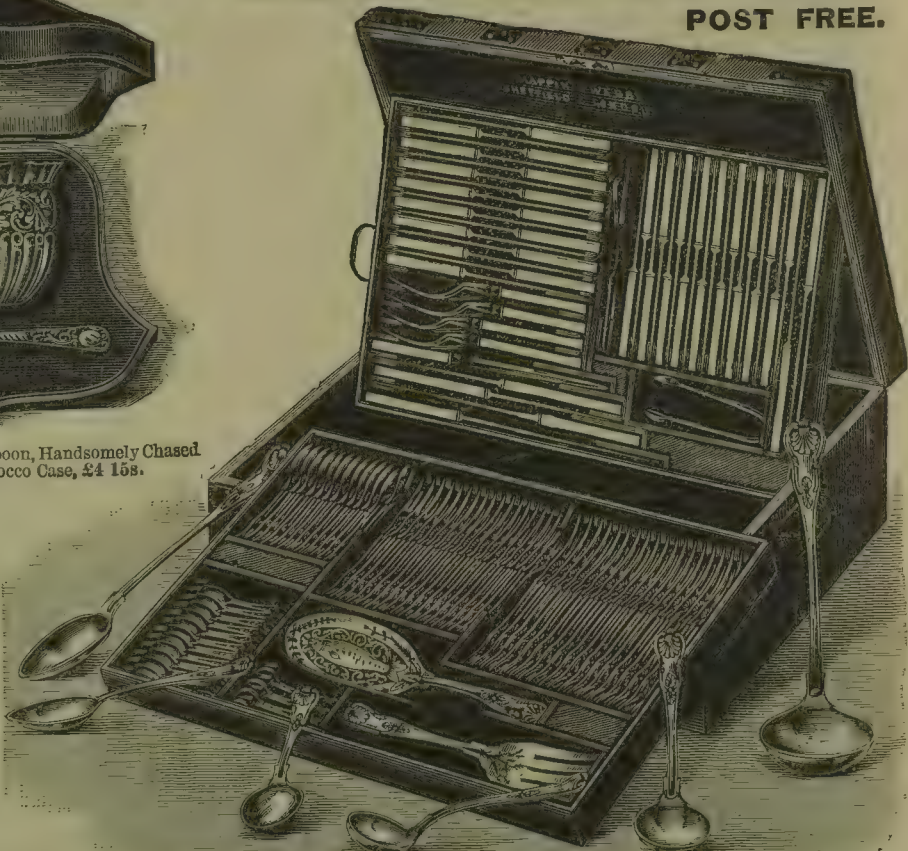
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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

It seems to many of us a great pity that the discussion on



MISS FLORENCE FARR.

attended an Ibsenite meeting, at which I was told I had been furiously denounced. An able speaker and brilliant writer declared with emphasis and evident conviction that the success of Ibsen in this country meant my own immediate and absolute ruin! It was not a very charitable sentiment, and I may be excused if I do not myself put much faith in it. In this matter of protesting against the study of the consistently morbid in art, I happen for the present to be with the majority; but as I am told in one of Ibsen's plays, by a character who is supposed to represent Ibsen himself, that the "majority are always wrong," I must consent to be cursed together with the "unemancipated" mob of heretics.

I am sure there is no greater admirer of Ibsen's talent—nay, genius—than I am. It is impossible to read "Rosmersholm" without being convinced of it. No one can study the last act of this terrible play without being struck with the simplicity, but still more with the weird poetic beauty, of the language. No one can pass through that last scene in which Ulric Brendel appears without being conscious of the force of a great dramatist. But still, for all that, I cannot help wishing that such a dramatist, such a thinker, and such a poet would sometimes choose more wholesome and ennobling subjects. I should like him to paint for us at least one good woman and one brave man. I suppose they are not all out of fashion, and out of date. I should like him sometimes to make it clearer to the "unemancipated" what he really does mean, particularly in some of the details of the relationship between Rebecca West and ex-Parson Rosmer. Mysticism is all very well, but it is not an example of unadulterated ignorance if we cannot all understand what Rebecca West really does want, or what Rosmer is really aiming at, any more than we can tell offhand that the famous woollen shawl which the dark-eyed Rebecca is knitting is symbolical of the web of fate, and typical of her own shroud. Some of us who are dense, but not necessarily unimaginative, require a key to the symbolism and mysticism of Ibsen. As a rule, we require no such aid to the knowledge of a healthy poet like Shakspeare or a tragedian like Sophocles.

The young lady who plays Rebecca West so admirably—

Miss Florence Farr—has been interviewed on the subject of Ibsen's heroine, and has given her opinion very strongly. She has studied Rebecca, and she ought to know. We are told that Rebecca West is attractive "just because she is so thoroughly womanly, and if she is not womanly then I give up my own claim to womanhood, and proclaim myself an abnormal development at the end of the century." I very much fear that some of us must accept that unfortunate alternative! Further on, the new Rebecca declares that even a blank feminine Atheist has all her human feelings the stronger that they are concentrated only on her humanity. Well, I don't think that it would be going far astray to declare that a more inhuman and unwomanly wretch than Rebecca was ever depicted in dramatic fiction. Take her conduct towards the wretched Mrs. Rosmer, who is crushed and trodden on as if she were a worm in the woman's path. If she does not actually say, she certainly implies, that such a creature as Beata—a loving, affectionate, womanly woman—was unfit to live, and that it was a mercy to put her out of the way. So long as Rebecca carried her point of living alone with Rosmer, what should anyone care if such a creature were at the bottom of the pond or not? Being an Atheist, Rebecca did not care one brass farthing about Beata's soul or her future life. Rebecca herself by her own actions had driven this faithful wife half mad with jealousy and disappointment, so why not the mill-race? "But don't you fear any remorse for driving my wife to suicide?" asks Rosmer, almost horrified by the woman's heartlessness. "That is my business," answers Rebecca, the heroine of this grisly story.

It seems to me that in the new theory of emancipated men and women the decision of the "survival of the fittest" is taken out of the hands of nature and placed in that of the "superior young person." It may be a convenient doctrine, but withal a dangerous one; as I shall proceed to show. The law as it exists has theories which are opposed to the new doctrines of emancipation. One dreadful night, many years ago, I heard, in the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey, three wretched creatures condemned to death. They were two brothers called Staunton and one fair woman called Alice Rhodes. It was the most awful sight I have ever witnessed. When the woman had dropped down like a log in a fainting-fit and been carried out, the two brothers huddled together and received their death-sentence hand in hand and blanched with terror. For what were they condemned to die by Mr. Justice Hawkins? For what was known as the "Penge Murder." "And what was the Penge murder?" you will ask. Well, exactly such a murder as Parson Rosmer and Rebecca West committed on Mrs. Rosmer! It was a murder of contributory negligence. The young man and his mistress, aided by the brother, thought that Mrs. Staunton was a nuisance and in the way. They compassed her death not by actual but by indirect means. They looked on her as a semi-lunatic, and regarded her as imbecile. Mrs. Staunton was not clever enough for her emancipated husband and his new mistress. So they drove her to despair, and the despair ended in death. Read the summing-up of Mr. Justice Hawkins in the "Penge Murder Case," and you will find an echo, as it were, of the life at Rosmersholm. It is immaterial that the death-sentence was commuted, and that Alice Rhodes was pardoned after the trial and sentence. She escaped by the "skin of her teeth," and she owed her life to the very public sentiment which is now so systematically condemned. But the analogy between the two cases is very striking.

Ibsen will be known as the actress-maker. "A Doll's House" made the reputation of Miss Janet Achurch, and now

"Rosmersholm" has brought into prominence the name of Miss Florence Farr. Half the battle of success with these plays is won by the actors and actresses. They must be enthusiasts; they must be in the religion of Ibsen; they must study him, pore over him, live in his strange theories and mysticism before they can hope to make converts. Miss Farr not only looks Rebecca but understands her. She fascinates and interests us in this strange, uncanny, and unwomanly woman. The confession scene was remarkably well acted, and it is not too much to say that the desperate earnestness of the acting all round hushed down many a laugh that bubbled to the surface. Mr. Benson looked Rosmer, even if he did not quite convey the kind of man that would attract Rebecca. Remember, he was mentally weak-kneed, not physically. It is the mind of Rosmer that should totter, not his legs. Remarkably excellent were Mr. Athol Forde as the Pastor and Mr. Wheatman as the Radical Editor. Only one part disappointed me. In reading the play, there is no more fascinating figure than Ulric Brendel. Mr. Hudson did not quite realise him, to my mind, particularly in the last scene, one of the most original and weird ever conceived by Ibsen. That short scene with Ulric is masterly. It is the forewarning of the oncoming tragedy and its complement. I can imagine such a scene played by an actor who could grasp it as would make the tears of pity start to the eyes of the audience. But it should be taken in a sadder and not so jocose a key. Properly understood, it is terrible in its pathos, and as poetic in conception as anything that Ibsen has ever written.

And so we come out of the playhouse from the gloom into the February fog! It was dark before, it was darker inside, it is darkest now! How do we feel after this mental exercise? Gloomier, more hopeless, more despondent than before. The weather has depressed our spirits, the play has reduced us to a state of hopelessness. Is this, we ask, the highest mission of dramatic art? Is it necessary to be consistently morbid in order to be occasionally unconventional? All through that last act we think what a wholesome poem of life Ibsen might write. We listen with genuine delight to such beautiful words as these: "All the rest—the horrible sense-intoxicated desire—passed far, far away from me. All the whirling passions settled down into a quiet and silence. Rest descended on my soul—a stillness as on one of our northern bird-cliffs under the midnight sun!" We love Rebecca and understand her when she says, "But when I came to live alone with you here—in quiet, in solitude—when you showed me all your thoughts without reserve—every sweet and delicate mood, just as it came to you, then the great change came over me!" What a poet, I cry, who can write like this! But then I think of Beata killed for her great love, done to death because she was a woman, unmourned, nay scorned, because she loved "not wisely but too well," and soon I see these two embracing Atheists going to their self-inflicted death with this blasphemy on their lips: "There is no Judge over us, and therefore we must do justice on ourselves"—and I wrap the fog from my throat and say—"No! It has not passed into your blood!"

One word more. Is Miss Florence Farr right in her estimate when she says?—"Smart people are so much more human and so much less conventional; and the poor, if only I could get them, would be sure to understand and feel and appreciate." This is not at all my idea of life. I don't see overmuch humanity in smart people, but the poor and the downtrodden are the most sentimental and human people on the face of God's earth.

THE MANUFACTURING

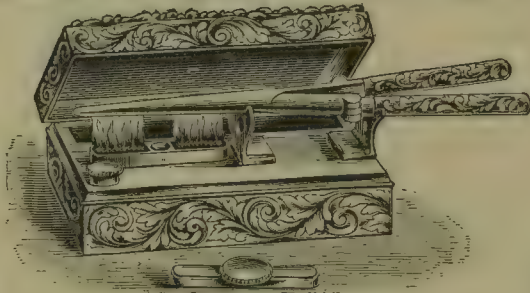
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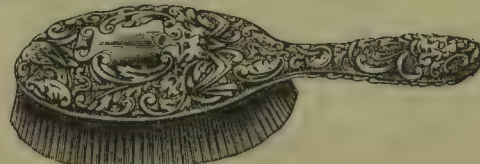
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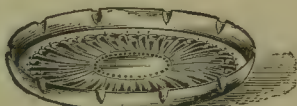
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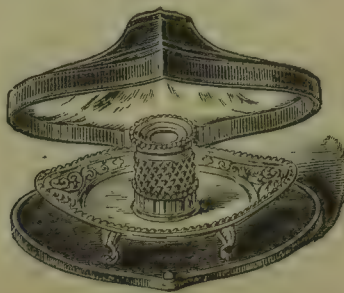
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 14, 1886) of Mrs. Katharine Fox, widow of General Charles Richard Fox, late of Ravenscliff, Bournemouth, who died on Dec. 13, was proved on Feb. 16 by Major-General Evan Maberly, R.A., C.B., the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £125,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 each to the Hon. and Rev. Edward Victor Robert Powys, Major the Hon. Charles James Fox Powys, the Hon. Mary Elizabeth Frances Powys, the Hon. Caroline Mary Powys, and Captain the Hon. George Fitzclarence, nephews and nieces of her late husband; £2000 to her nephew Charles Maberly; and £5000 each to her nieces, Mrs. Laura Ward, Mrs. Gertrude Stewart, the Hon. Mrs. Virginia Villiers, and Mrs. Margaret Fitzroy. The residue of her property she gives to her nephew Charles Fox Frederick Adam.

The will (dated Oct. 24, 1890) of Mr. John Philip Martineau, late of 2, Paper-buildings, Temple, and 36, Theobald's-road, Gray's Inn, solicitor, who died on Jan. 21, at 30, Weymouth-street, Portland-place, was proved on Feb. 11 by Alfred Martineau, the brother, Richard Woolcombe, and Robert Loveband Fulford, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £70,000. The testator bequeaths £6000 to each of his brothers Alfred and Edward Henry; £1000 to each of the children of his late brother Hubert; £1000 to each of the children of his late brother Robert Braithwaite; £12,000, upon trust, for his sister, Elizabeth Marriott, for life; and numerous legacies to relatives, partners, executors, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his brothers Alfred and Edward Henry, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 5, 1880) of Mr. Benjamin Joseph Nicholson, late of 112, Brigstocke-road, Thornton Heath, Croydon, who died on Nov. 2 last, has been proved by Mrs. Annie Nicholson, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £39,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his estate and effects, both real and personal, to his wife.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1889) of Mrs. Fanny Matilda Fortnum, late of Stanmore, Middlesex, who died on Dec. 19, was proved on Feb. 9 by Charles Drury Edward Fortnum, her husband, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £38,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to her cousin Mary Fortnum; £1500, upon trust, for her sister Marianne Nicholson, for life; and a few other legacies. Subject to the payment of these legacies, the testatrix

bequeaths all her property to her husband; and she exercises in his favour her powers of appointment under her marriage settlement, and under the will of her aunt Ann Fortnum.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1889) of Mr. William Bullen, late of Richmond Park, Anfield, near Liverpool, merchant, who died on Jan. 12, was proved on Feb. 2 by William Bullen, Hugh Alexander Bullen, and Edward Woods Bullen, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £36,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate as to three fourths equally between his said three sons; and as to one fourth, upon trust, for his daughter, Mary Alice Taylor, and her children.

The will (dated Dec. 18, 1885), with a codicil (dated June 17, 1890), of Mr. John Marshall, F.R.S., LL.D., President R.C.S. England, 1883-4, and President of the General Medical Council, formerly of 10, Savile-row, and late of Belle Vue House, 92, Cheyne-walk, who died on Jan. 1, was proved on Feb. 11 by Mrs. Ellen Rogers Marshall, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testator gives his wines and consumable stores to his wife; his household furniture and effects and his residence, 92, Cheyne-walk, to his wife, for life. At her death his books, plate, jewellery, and pictures are to be divided between his three children, John, Ellen Jeannette, and Ada Blanche; and the remainder of his furniture and effects and his said residence he gives to his said two daughters as joint tenants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then as to £5000 for his two daughters; and as to the ultimate residue for his three children.

The will (dated June 23, 1882), with three codicils (dated May 22, 1885; and June 2 and Dec. 26, 1890), of Mrs. Jane Emily Dobinson, late of 46, Ladbroke-road, Notting-hill, who died on Jan. 8, was proved on Feb. 11 by Miss Caroline Brookfield, the sister, Miss Eliza Bathurst, Francis Gould, the nephew, and William Geare, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testatrix bequeaths £200 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society, Miss Sheppard's Annuitants Home, the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney), the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), Earlswood Idiot Asylum, the District Visiting Society (St. John's, Notting-hill), the London City Mission, the Seaside Home for City Missionaries (Ventnor), St. Giles's Medical Mission, St. Andrew's Waterside Mission (Gravesend), the United Kingdom Beneficent Institution, the Bishop of Ballarat (towards the erection of plain churches in the bush), the Bishop of Hong-Kong (for his Medical Mission),

the Association for the Deaf and Dumb (Oxford-street), the College for the Blind (Norwood), the Sheffield Infirmary, St. John's Schools (Notting-hill), and the Luther Memorial Home; and numerous legacies to relatives. The residue of her property she gives to her sister, Caroline Brookfield, and to her nieces, Marianne, Emily Harriet, and Alice Mary Brookfield.

The will (dated Jan. 15, 1889), with two codicils (dated Sept. 10, 1889, and June 17, 1890), of Mr. Theophilus William Lane, J.P., D.L., formerly of The Ryelands, Herefordshire, and late of 21, Queen's-gate-place, South Kensington, who died on Dec. 3, was proved on Jan. 30 by Mrs. Annie Emilie Lane, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testator confirms his marriage settlement, and declares that the provision made for his wife by will is in addition thereto. The testator gives his residence in Queen's-gate-place, and his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; £3000 each to his nephews, the Rev. Vernon Lane Guise, the Rev. Julian Guise, and Captain Howard Guise, R.A.; £100 to the Hereford Infirmary, and some other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her death he gives the net proceeds of the sale of his Hereford properties to his nephew the Rev. Vernon Lane Guise; of a house at Bath to his nephew Captain Howard Guise; and of certain properties in the counties of Radnor and Brecknock to his nephew the Rev. Julian Guise. The ultimate residue is to be divided equally between his said three nephews.

The will (dated March 4, 1887) of the Rev. Thomas Hungerford Michell, late of Bagshot, Hungerford, Berks, who died on Oct. 24, at Great Bedwyn, Wilts, was proved on Feb. 4 by Miss Arabella Juliana Michell, the sister, and the Rev. Calcraft Neeld Wyld, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £16,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Additional Curates Society; £500 to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; and considerable legacies to half-sisters, godchildren, cousins, and others. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his sister Arabella Juliana Michell.

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1884) of Thomas Graham Balfour, M.D., late of Coombe Lodge, Wimbledon Park, who died on Jan. 17, was proved on Feb. 11 by Thomas Graham Balfour, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £14,000. The testator gives and bequeaths all his property and money of every kind of which he may die possessed to his said son for his own use.

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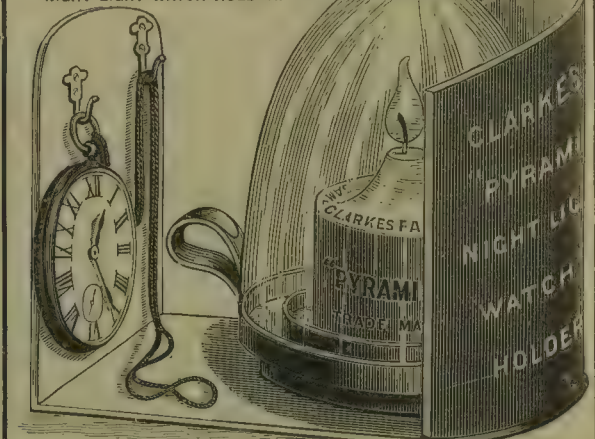
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## OBITUARY.

## EARL BEAUCHAMP.

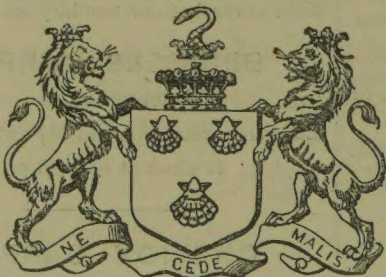
The Right Honourable Frederick Lygon, Earl Beauchamp, Viscount Elmley, and Baron Beauchamp of Powyke, Worcestershire, P.C., D.C.L., Lord Lieutenant of that county, died suddenly on Feb. 19, at his seat, Madresfield Court, near Malvern. He was born Nov. 10, 1830, the third son of Henry Beauchamp, fourth Earl Beauchamp (who was Colonel of the 2nd Life Guards), by the Lady Susan Eliot, his wife, sister of the third Earl of St. Germans, G.C.B., Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and succeeded his brother, as sixth Earl, March 4, 1866. His Lordship was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1852. He became Fellow of All Souls in the same year, and proceeded M.A. in 1856. The honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred on him in 1870. He was a staunch Conservative. He sat as M.P. for Tewkesbury from 1857 to 1863, and for West Worcestershire from the latter date till his accession to the Peerage. He was a Lord



of the Admiralty 1859, Lord Steward of the Household 1874 to 1880, Paymaster-General 1885, to 1886, and some time a Captain in the Worcester Yeomanry Cavalry. The deceased Earl married, first, Feb. 18, 1863, Lady Mary Catherine, only daughter of the fifth Earl Stanhope; and secondly, Sept. 24, 1878, Lady Emily Annora Charlotte, elder daughter of Earl Manvers, and leaves issue. His eldest son (by his first wife), William, Viscount Elmley, now seventh Earl Beauchamp, was born Feb. 20, 1872.

## THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

The Right Hon George Thomas Keppel, sixth Earl of Albemarle, Viscount Bury, and Baron Ashford of Ashford, in the county of Kent, all in the Peerage of England, a General in the Army, and the only officer (with the exception of General Whichcote) on the Army List who was present at the battle of Waterloo, died on Feb. 21. He was born in London on June 13, 1799, the second son of William Charles, fourth Earl of Albemarle, whose father, the third Earl, K.G., served as Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Cumberland at the



battle of Fontenoy in 1745, and in the following year, being with his Royal Highness at Culloden, was bearer of the despatches announcing the victory to London. The nobleman whose death we record succeeded his brother March 15, 1851. He entered the 14th Foot, April 1815, and served in the Waterloo campaign, for which he received a medal. In October 1858 he became Major-General; in March 1866, Lieutenant-General; in February 1874, General. He was a Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen and Private Secretary to Lord John Russell from 1846 to 1848, represented East Norfolk 1832 to 1835, was an unsuccessful candidate for Lynn 1837, and for Lynn 1841, but was returned in 1847 for the latter, which he continued to hold until April 1850. He married, Aug. 4, 1831, Susan, daughter of Sir Coutts Trotter, first Baronet, and leaves, with other issue, an only son, William Coutts, Viscount Bury, P.C., K.C.M.G., who was called to the House of Lords in his father's Barony of Ashford in 1876. He was born April 1832, and married, November 1855, Sophia Mary, second daughter of Sir Allan Napier Macnab, first Baronet, Prime Minister of Canada, and has three sons and six daughters.

## THE HON. JAMES BUTLER.

The Hon. James Butler, J.P., formerly of Lamberton Park, High Sheriff of the Queen's County in 1857, died at Nice, on Feb. 11. He was born Nov. 8, 1810, fourth son of the twenty-second Lord Dunboyne; was married, Oct. 3, 1836, to Emily Mary, only daughter of Sir William Fitzgerald, Bart., of Carrygoran, in the county of Clare, and leaves issue.

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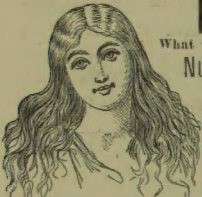


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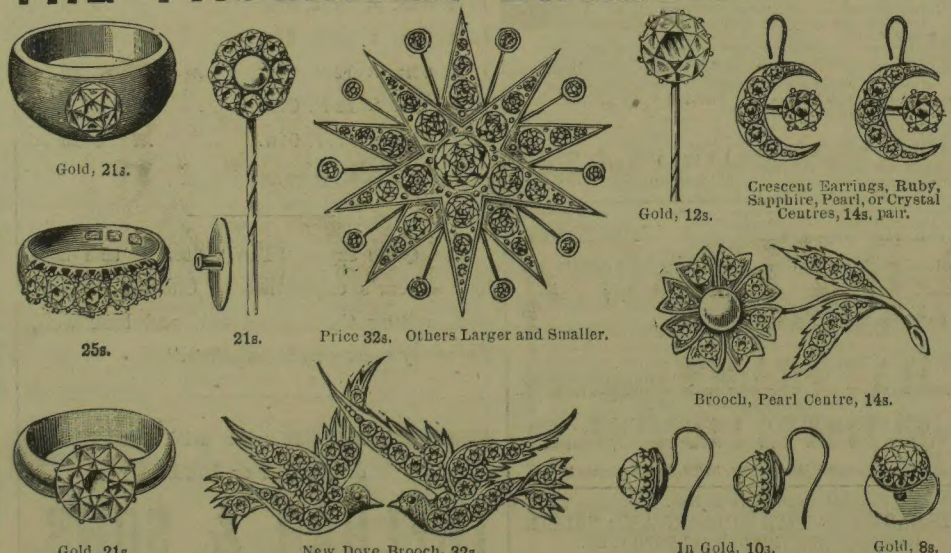
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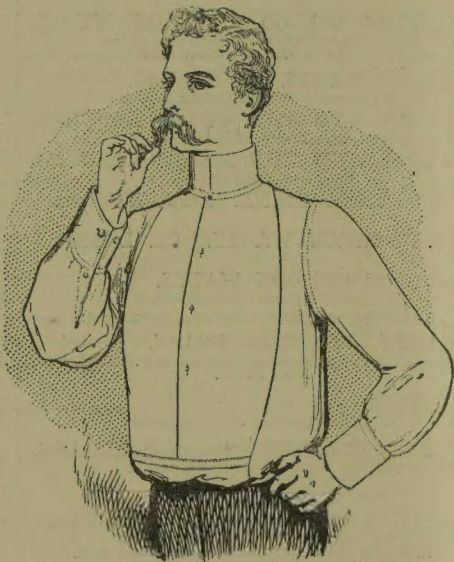
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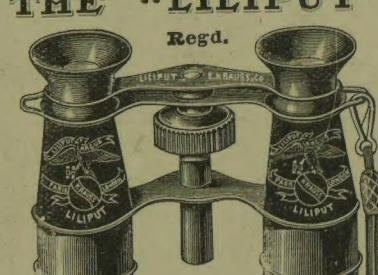
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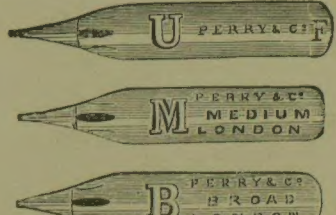
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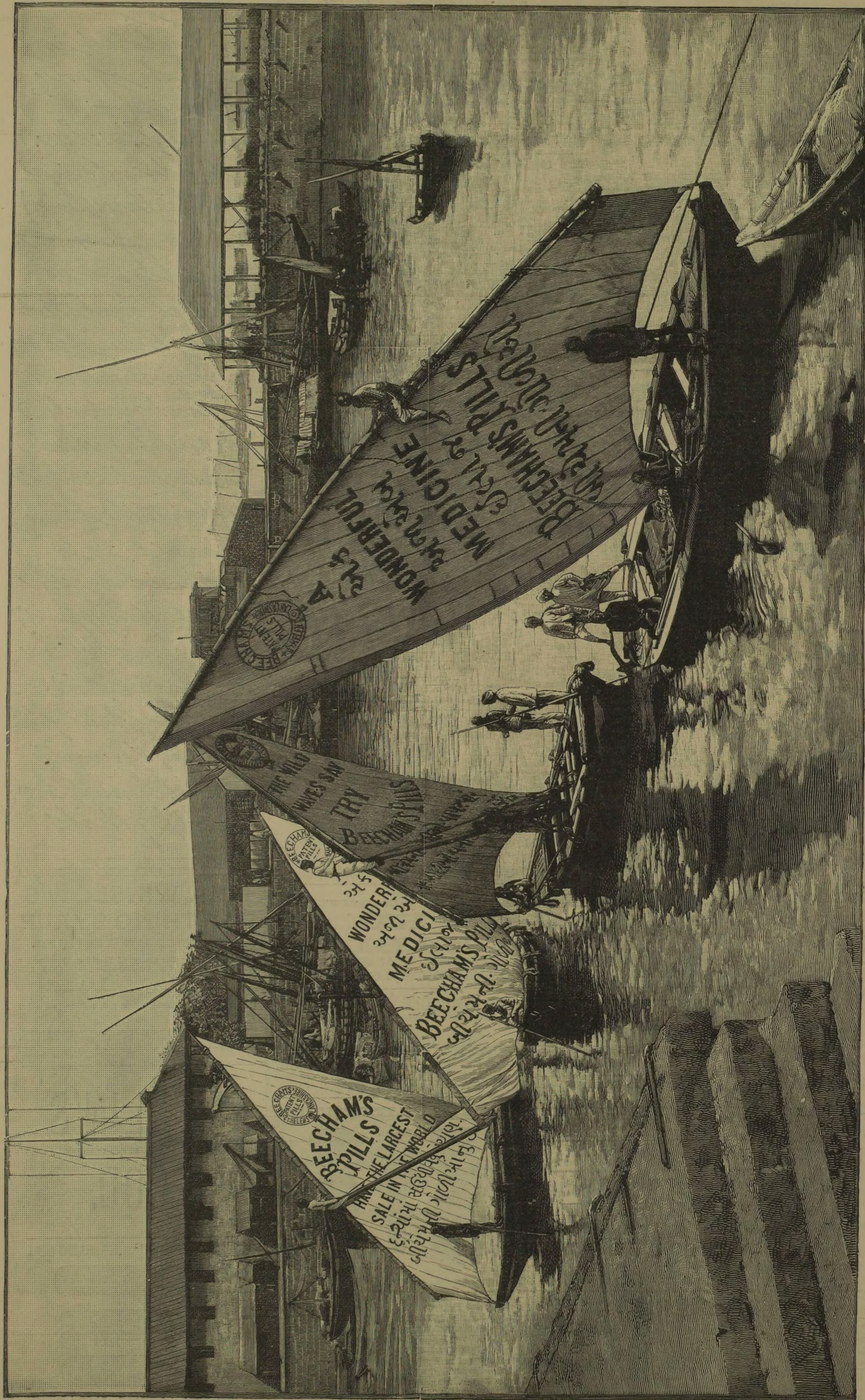
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